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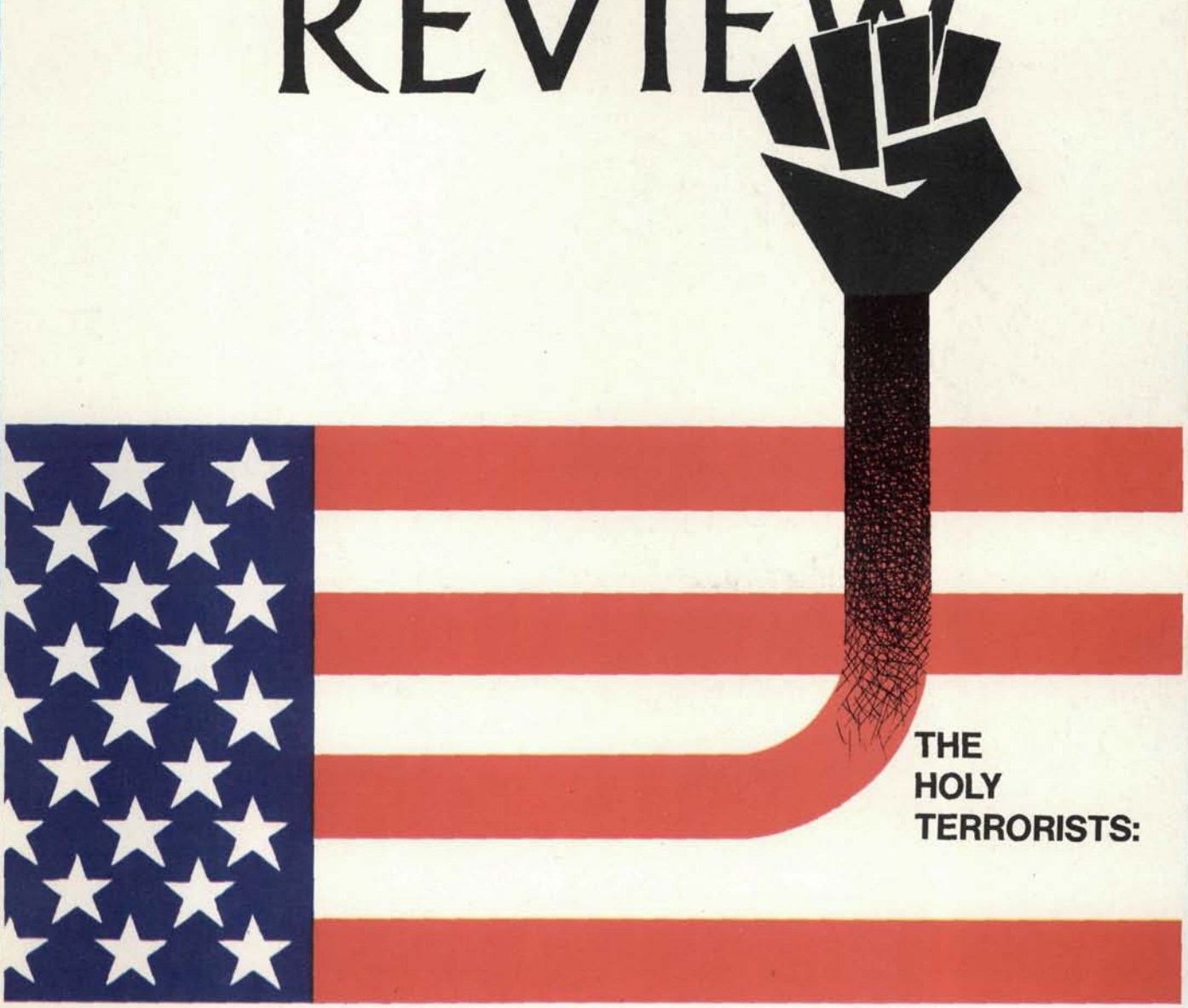
WHY BUSING DOESN'T WORK
—see page 475

NATIONAL REVIEW



THE HOLY TERRORISTS:

The Berrigans vs the U.S.

MAX GELTMAN

A Unitarian Looks at Abortion in a Plural

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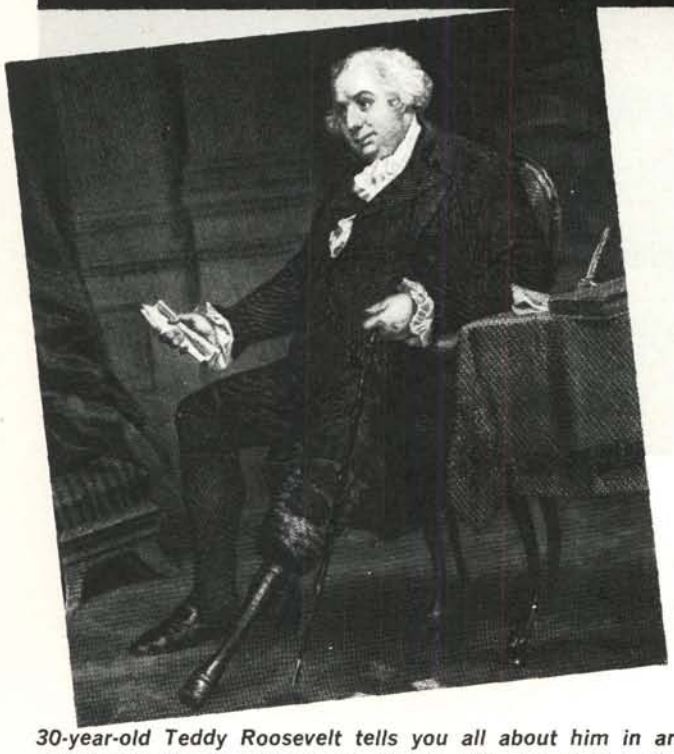

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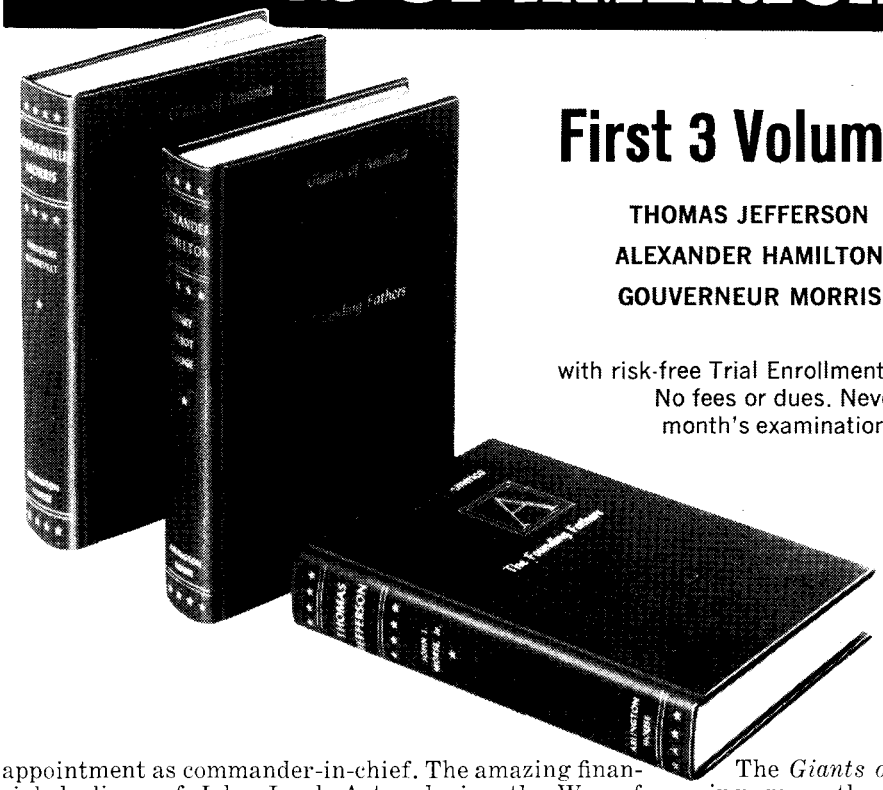

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1971.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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Francis Russell reviews Robert Conquest's facts-and-figures account of Soviet genocide against national minorities. Mr. Russell's definitive study of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, *Tragedy in Dedham*, has just been published in a revised edition ☐ Charles Benson, author of controversial proposals regarding Libya and missile defense, examines a new book on how to get our defense establishment out of a crippling technological muddle ☐ Our regular science-fiction reviewer, Theodore Sturgeon, has a new book of stories out, some but not all of them sf. Pinch-reviewing it is Poul Anderson, another great in the field ☐ Rexford Tugwell has done a book castigating Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon for not being FDR; George F. Will has read it and wept ☐ Aram Bakshian Jr., one of whose many interests is military history, likes the film re-enactment of the Battle of Waterloo ☐ Daniel Oliver watches Daniel Berrigan's *Trial of the Catonsville Nine* with a lawyer's eagle eye.

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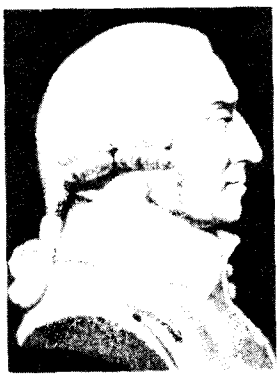

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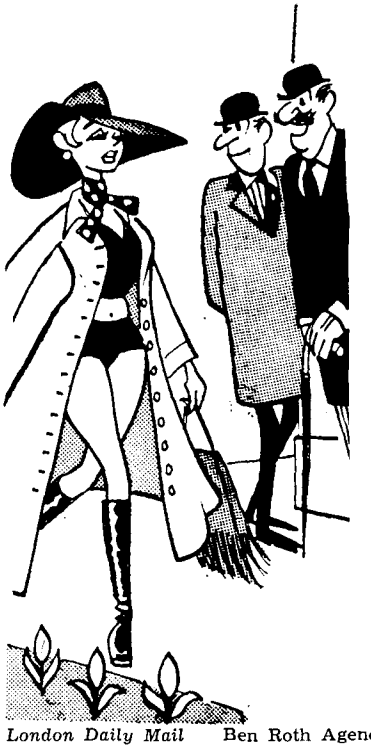
FOR THE RECORD

■ Blasted, Rep. **Richard Ichord**, chairman of House Internal Security Committee (formerly HUAC) for charging that Sens. **Muskie**, **McGovern**, **Tunney**, **Hart**, **Hartke** and **Gravel** (Democrats all) were marching under suspect banners in the April 24 peace demonstrations. The march was mounted by National Peace Action Coalition (whose leadership is largely Trotskyite) and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, which has refused to exclude anyone, including Communists. "Both these groups," said Ichord, "are known to be operating under substantial Communist influence." "A slanderous attack," charged **Sarah Trott**, public relations director of ADA, ". . . the usual dirty tradition of the House Un-American Activities Committee." . . . Meanwhile, both *Guardian* (Maoist-progressive) and *World* (CP) continued advertising buses and trains from New York to Washington for the march ($15 train, $10 bus, group buses, $400). . . . Commented columnists **Evans** and **Novak**: "He [Muskie] and other liberals have made possible what would have been unimaginable a few short years ago: Hundreds of thousands of Americans marching in their capital under Trotskyist command." Chief marshal for the parade is **Fred Halstead**, Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyite) Presidential candidate in 1968.

■ Sen. **William Saxbe** (R., Ohio), whose trip to Saigon made less noise than Congressman **Paul McCloskey**'s, reports that he's convinced the South Vietnamese inflicted very heavy casualties on the North Vietnamese in their Laotian invasion and what's more that sensors they planted along the Ho Chi Minh Trail to guide electronic equipment are helping "U.S. gunships [helicopters] knock out trucks on the Trail at a terrific rate." Saxbe is a GOP dove. . . . Latest intelligence estimates are that only one out of every four tons of supplies entering the Trail reaches the VC at the other end, in Cambodia and Southern Vietnam. . . . **Dominic Cimino** and four friends from Los Angeles arrived in Vientiane (the Laotian capital) last week and offered themselves in a man-to-man exchange for some of the POWs in Vietnam. The five range in age from 21 to seventy.



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Ulster and unemployment—thank heavens for spring and hot pants!"

■ Along publisher's alley: *World* reports Viking has given Lt. **Calley** and writer **John Sack** a $100,000 advance for a book: *Lt. Calley: An American Tragedy*. . . . Random House bringing out collected speeches of **Stokely Carmichael** in early May. . . . Dr. **Spock** confirms that sales of his generation-long best-seller *Baby and Child Care* have slipped badly; attributes it to his antiwar activities. . . . But on ecology front business is smashing: *Audubon* Magazine, *Natural History* Magazine and *Sierra Club* Magazine all report soaring subscriptions, Audubon Society membership has more than doubled in past two years.

■ Latest on pornographic **Denmark**: Police now say minor sexual offenses have been almost eliminated since the lid was taken off on pornography two years ago, but serious sexual crimes—rape and assault and battery connected with sadism are up. . . . In **Sweden**, *Svenska Dagbladet* reports one out of every four American deserters has been arrested, and one in five convicted of some crime—mostly drug-related. . . . The Swedish peace movement reports it has collected $800,000 which will be forwarded to **National Liberation Front** in Vietnam.

■ Unexpected: **Alma Rangel**, wife of liberal Democratic Congressman **Charles Rangel** (Harlem) comments: "It may seem like a funny thing for me to say about a conservative like Gov. **Reagan**, but I really think he is on the right track with welfare and self-help." . . . Heavyweight Champion **Joe Frazier** has come out for Philadelphia Commissioner **Frank Rizzo** (a hardliner on law'n'order) in Democratic mayoralty primary there May 18. Rizzo is running against liberal Democratic Congressman **William Green** III. . . . Real reason behind announcement by Cleveland Mayor **Carl Stokes** that he won't run for third term is that he wouldn't have been re-elected; might not have been renominated; had lost the support of much of his original constituency.

■ Note on Democracy: Recent **British** poll indicates four out of five Britons would like a national referendum on entry into the Common Market and 55 per cent of them don't know what referendum means.

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One of America's foremost experts on Communism documents Soviet duplicity – and shows why we can expect nothing else.

Deceitful Peace

A New Look at the Soviet Threat
by Gerhart Niemeyer

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

COMMUNISM has *not* called off its war against the West, says Gerhart Niemeyer. The Cold War is *not* all over "but the stacking of arms." The very idea of peaceful coexistence is an illusion, and relaxing our vigilance now will only make the Soviets more dangerous.

The threat of Communism used to be the arch of American foreign policy. That threat is seldom mentioned today. What with SALT talks and cultural exchanges, the Establishment considers it gauche. The Soviets, it is true, have in recent years moderated their language. Communist parties in Europe have even held "dialogues" with the Catholic Church. But these are mere tactics, designed to mask the threat.

The real danger, maintains Dr. Niemeyer, lies not so much in wild Communist behavior as in the irrationality of the Communist outlook. That outlook, in spite of measures mistakenly labeled as liberalizations, has not changed. Czechoslovakia and Poland are simply outbursts of what is always simmering just beneath the surface: paranoia.

In this age of Communist-Liberal coalitions and disarmament talks, the West must make a special effort to remind itself that Communist ideology continues to be one of the realities that dominate international politics. Dr. Niemeyer dramatizes the danger: in our desire to avoid war we must not distort reality by pretending that the Communists are just radical Liberals. They are slavemasters, and they mean to make us their slaves.

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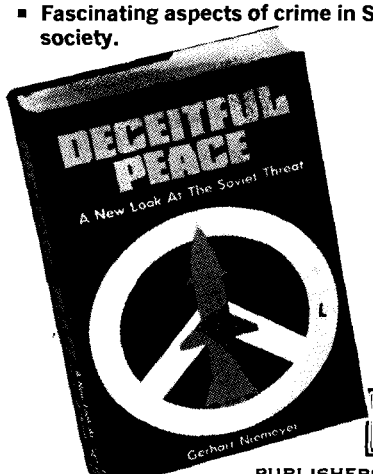

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LETTERS

More on Benson

Charles Benson [March 9] almost had a second good idea but he passed it right by. His defensive proposals, refreshingly sound, still leave the United States in the center of the Soviet bull's-eye. Spartan, Sprint, Missile Site Radar, Minuteman, our airbases etc. are all on land, drawing Soviet fire toward the continental U.S. Worse than that, no matter how effective they are, they present fixed targets. He mentions SABMIS (Sea-based Anti-Ballistic Missile System) almost in passing, leaving its potentialities untouched.

I speak of the proposal developed in the U.S. Navy's Office of Strategic Offensive and Defensive Systems under Rear Admiral George H. Miller, a strong proponent of which is Admiral Thomas H. Moorer. That is, put up to 75 per cent of our nuclear striking power out to sea. Mr. Benson argues that our Polaris/Poseidon force is not expected to be accurate or powerful enough to go it alone. Certainly if we expended as much effort in this direction as in his it could be made so. And certainly our cities could not be held hostage if our deterrent was safely hidden in the world's oceans. And by leaving our cities "open" we would be serving notice we have no first-strike intentions, while SABMIS still protected them.

The enemy's options would be severely limited. Certainly with his large submarine force he could attempt to go after our sea-based force, but would he risk it? After all, which is easier to destroy—a mobile, armed submarine, or a fixed land-based target? And Poseidon and Minuteman would also be aboard surface ships plying the regular traffic lanes. The Soviets could spot a ship but would not necessarily know whether it was a freighter, a missile ship or a decoy—of which there could be many, a good use for our moth-balled ships.

These ships could hide alone in fog, under thick cloud cover, in darkness, in high seas and in the inlets, bays and coves of remote, uninhabited islands. We would be waging ocean-going nuclear guerrilla warfare. The enemy's first problem would be to know where we were. Any missiles directed at the United States itself would automatically mean total city-war. He would face total war or nothing. We could not be held hostage, while he went around picking up real estate. And with our deterrent capability assured and the U.S. effectively removed from their line of fire, we might do some shopping—Libya, Mr. Benson?

Such a force could be assembled in four years. It would have the additional benefit of enormously complicating the Soviets' defensive problem. At present the Soviets know that the major weight of an American retaliatory strike must come through a narrow northern corridor that forms an arc of 32 degrees—only 9 per cent of their defensive perimeter. A full watch on all 360 degrees would keep them busy.

And the danger of accidental war would be greatly reduced. The Soviets would no longer fear our "cocked pistol" would go off and be tempted to shoot first.

In short, I am suggesting that rather than build a multi-layered defense, simply remove the target. Not that some such defense would not be advisable. But it would then defend us without drawing fire. So, damn the Soviet torpedos! Full speed ahead!

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

No Sham

I'm presently serving in Vietnam and have just received the March 9 issue of *NR*. I'm here as a translator-interpreter having studied the Vietnamese language for nine months at the Defense Language Institute Southwest Branch at Fort Bliss, Texas. I'm writing about the Nguyen Van Sam, is-he-or-isn't-he question ["The Week"]. With my limited experience, I don't suggest myself as an authority. However, my Vietnamese counterpart in my present assignment, Sgt. Vo Van Tam, certainly qualifies. I wrote the name Nguyen Van Sam on a piece of paper intending to ask him if the name Sam is a genuine Vietnamese name. Well, before I could get the words out, he looked at the paper and asked, "Who is he?" So it would appear that the name is not a "sham," as Mr. Wolff suggested it might be.

APO, San Francisco DOUG WHITE

Calley: A Clarification

In reply to your comment ["The Week," March 9] that Lt. Calley might be "used as a scapegoat or offered up as a sacrifice to public relations," I think an inappropriate distinction is being made.

I believe the charge against Lt. Calley was that he fired into (and killed) groups of "Vietnamese human beings." During the court-martial, the trial counsel may have stressed the fact that these were civilians, but even if they had all been Vietcong just captured after a bloody battle, it is a violation of the Geneva Convention of 1949 to execute prisoners. Because they were apparently in a free fire zone from which all civilians had been evacuated at least once, it would have been legitimate if they had been killed by artillery or air attack, or shot as they attempted to resist or run away, but it is not legitimate if they were killed after being detained and herded together, as was charged.

I think it is important that the government should try soldiers accused of violations of the Geneva Convention because from my experience in Vietnam I know it most definitely is not our policy to commit atrocities, as some antiwar groups have charged. The policy is to go to great lengths to avoid harming innocent people—such great lengths that many Americans have died checking before shooting. Just as there is crime in the streets, there is crime in the Army, and the "sacrifice to public relations" comes when the Army does not prosecute those who break the rules.

Those of us who believe in self-defense and in resisting Communist aggression must be careful that we don't put ourselves in the position of seeming to love war and death itself.

Englishtown, N.J. RONALD K. WISHART

TV and Relevance

Archie Bunker is undoubtedly the funniest and most appealing character on television, *pace* David Brudnoy [March 9].

The mass media seldom give the young conservative much to laugh at, but finally we have something—*All in the Family* and more specifically Archie. Admittedly, Archie makes some pretty ridiculous statements, but in the end he always proves that he has got a heart too. In fact, if you listen carefully I think you might even hear Harriet Van Horne saying that "Archie really isn't a bad guy after all."

New York, N.Y. WALTER R. CURTNER

Mr. Curtner is right. Mea maxima culpa. *My review was written after the very first episode of* All in the Family. *I've subsequently watched two months of the program and am hooked. Here's to Archie Bunker. If we can laugh with Archie, there's hope.* —DB

As an inveterate watcher of *Mod Squad* over the past several seasons, I, like David Brudnoy, have suffered through interminable "socially relevant" shows with Linc, Pete and Julie.

This year, though, I find the squad has been veering away from "socrel" scripts, if not the legacy of weak, insipid and oftentimes unbelievable plots which these scripts left behind them.

In the last two months, in fact, there have been at least a couple of good, solid shows where the message, catch your breath at this striking new development, was "cops-catch-crooks."

And, when you think about it (*Mod*

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Squad producers please note), what's more socially relevant these days than that?

Chicago, Ill. JAMES A. WEBER

Volunteer Army?

Bill Buckley is my leader, but from time to time I am dismayed by his apparent naïveté—or even ignorance—concerning military matters.

A case in point is a preposterous sentence in his column of February 9 ["The Right-Radicals"]: "It simply defies the understanding why he [Mr. Nixon] has not, for instance, made combat duty in Vietnam a voluntary enterprise."

It would be impossible, until the remaining force in Vietnam becomes quite small, to constitute it entirely of volunteers. Numerically, perhaps, but if so it would consist almost entirely of officers and career noncommissioned officers. There are those who would say, "All right, let those people do the fighting." Of course the answer is that in military units, as in any organization, there must be Indians as well as chiefs. You could not operate a mine by eliminating the miners and leaving the owners and administrative staff to do all the work.

And another, long-range problem: a number of years ago I saw an Air Force study that said the Number One reason men enlisted in the Air Force was to escape being drafted into the Army. Not only are there many who believe—rightly or wrongly—that better opportunities for learning skills exist in the other Services, but, let's face it, a man also has a great deal less chance of getting killed or wounded in the Air Force or Navy than in the Army. When the draft is abolished, the question will arise, not just how to maintain a volunteer Army, but also how to maintain a volunteer Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force, a matter that has not been given much consideration.

Falls Church, Va. WILLIAM P. JONES JR.

Defense of the Times

At the risk of placing my conservative soul in jeopardy, I would like to offer a limited defense of the *New York Times*.

Your unsophisticated commentary ["Serving Their Times," Feb. 23] complains that the *New York Times* is giving too much space to "soured or ambitious or naïve irregulars" in the conservative camp, in a classic example of "divide to conquer." Ironically, it was NATIONAL REVIEW that first started publishing some of these irregulars (Murray Rothbard, Tom McSloy). Why then fault the *Times* for taking up where you left off, and gleefully intensifying differences of opinion just as you would if there were a schism in liberal ranks?

Obviously, the *New York Times* is Stakhanovite liberal, and will remain so, and that is its right. What I think conservatives should object to is its continuing to masquerade in the mantle of an objectivity and impartiality it discarded some twenty years ago.

New York, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

Fie

I have been a faithful reader of NATIONAL REVIEW for several years and have been generally in agreement with most of your copy. However, the piece by William F. Rickenbacker [Feb. 23] has really aroused my ire! I suppose that as a confirmed high-fidelity fanatic I should be used to sophomoric articles of this sort by now, but Mr. Rickenbacker's has easily earned the unenviable distinction of being the worst.

The author immediately shows off his awesome ignorance by claiming that his machine "reproduces sound that has been kiln-baked onto acetate discs." I don't know *where* Mr. Rickenbacker buys his records, but the ones most people own are pressed on vinylite. And "literary license" is hardly an excuse for ignorance when someone is writing on a technical subject.

The next point which bugs me is the use of the grunt "fi." the term is "fidelity": not difficult, really. Mr. Rickenbacker should be required to write the word *and* its definition one thousand times.

As to the argument that the sound one hears in Philharmonic Hall differs with one's location—no question about it. I would ask, though, whether all locations are equally good. The record attempts to reproduce an admittedly idealized sound but nonetheless a valid one.

The thing that really set my teeth on edge was the bit about his neighbor whose violin sounds markedly different from what the machine reproduces. Perhaps his neighbor is not a very good violinist—vide the description of the "squeak of creaking bridges." In point of fact, many live *v.* recorded demonstrations have proven that good wide-range equipment can accurately reproduce a violin—or a string quartet for that matter.

The statement that brought my blood to the near-boiling point was, "Rickenbacker's twelfth law . . .: One's knowledge of music, and the excellence of one's sound equipment, are usually inversely proportional." My own system, lovingly built and cared for, cost about $1,300. My record collection, some four hundred discs and several dozen tapes, covers the gamut from Gregorian Chant to Stravinsky. I'll match my musical sophistication *and* my sound system against Mr. Rickenbacker's any day of the week.

The point is that both live and recorded sound have their place. When it comes to recorded sound I would ask Mr. Rickenbacker which he prefers: the distorted cacophony of poor reproduction or the reasonable simulacrum of reality afforded by a good sound system?

JOHN R. MCCRORY JR.

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

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National Review's famous "New York Times" election-issue cover (that reported James Buckley's Senate victory *before* it happened) is now available to NR readers as an attractive placemat that is sure to be the hit of any dinner. This award-winning cover, handsomely laminated in virtually indestructable clear plastic. You'll want to order several of these collector's items at the special low price of just $2.00 each.

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THE WEEK

■ Unless Albany sends him lots of cash, says Mayor John Lindsay, he'll have to fire ninety thousand municipal employees. Yes, but that, replies Governor Rockefeller, "would about bring the city back to where it was when he took over."

■ Insiders say House Democrats are worried about Majority Leader Hale Boggs (La.). According to veteran Washington newsman Willard Edwards, Boggs' tirade against J. Edgar Hoover, in which he accused the FBI of tapping congressmen's phones in emulation of "the tactics of the Soviet Union and Gestapo," is only the latest in a long string of outbursts. At a formal dinner early this year, says Edwards, Boggs grabbed Sen. Peter Dominick (R., Colo.) by the lapels and began bellowing in his face. In March, at the Gridiron Club dinner, Boggs' noisy, abusive remarks about the Nixon Administration led to a washroom fist-fight with an Indiana Republican. Last month, Boggs appeared uninvited at a meeting of top-level House Democrats and made "a number of impromptu speeches"; also last month, friends urged him to call off a speech at a function in Florida because of his "exuberance." Called on the carpet (privately) by House colleagues after the Hoover outburst, Boggs offered the curious excuse that he is under medical treatment for a "blood ailment."

■ Sam Yette, a writer for *Newsweek*, infers from various data that the Federal Government, with the backing of Messrs. Nixon and Agnew, is actively and consciously engaged in eliminating black colleges and universities. Some of the more plausible facts he cites are contemplated state laws requiring a B average for admission, higher tuition charges, and government aid to parochial and private schools. He concludes not only that the education at black-only schools will suffer but also that it is the primary motivation for the proposal that it should. Like some other folks we know who concluded on the basis of certain historical facts that Eisenhower was a Communist, the imputation of which subjective intent was roundly condemned by *Newsweek*. Wasn't it?

■ Good News from the Campuses: In the heaviest turnout in recent years, University of Chicago students voted overwhelmingly against requiring the University to sign the "People's Peace Treaty." Also decisively defeated: a proposal demanding a cessation of war-related research on campus. And at Brandeis, reports Professor John Roche, things are surprisingly normal. In an interview in *Justice*, the student newspaper, "a Brandeis senior, who is a homosexual," laments the lack of gay companionship. "Brandeis is oppressively heterosexual," he says sadly.

■ Friends of Dwight D. Eisenhower have sent a taped conversation between Mr. Eisenhower and his 1952 campaign advisers to *U.S. News & World Report*. Among the choicer excerpts, one in which Mr. Eisenhower explains why he pulled his armies up short and allowed Berlin to be captured by the Russians: He flew secretly from London to Washington in 1944, he says, and protested vigorously to President Roosevelt against leaving Berlin deep within Soviet-occupied territory. Roosevelt's response, according to Eisenhower: "In talking to Mr. Roosevelt about these things, he just laughed. 'I can handle Uncle Joe.' That is exactly what he told me."

■ Liberal columnist Mary McGrory won't let us kill even *enemy* troops in Vietnam any longer. Responding to a question on the bombings in Laos, President Nixon: "Those blockbusters are being used in territory totally occupied by North Vietnam." Comments McGrory: "The President apparently feels that nobody is concerned about the slaughter of the enemy." So the cat is out of the bag.

■ Nothing better illustrates the political power of the media than the sudden emergence of California Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey as a threat to Richard Nixon in next year's Presidential primaries. Just a couple of weeks ago, McCloskey, a personable ex-Marine war hero, was known mainly among Californians as the man who beat Shirley Temple Black in a 1967 congressional primary. But within the past few weeks he has been lionized, editorialized, columnized and televised by the liberal media. Sample: On Sunday, April 18, McCloskey began the day as the subject of a feature article in the *New York Times Magazine*, appeared on CBS' *Face the Nation* to accuse the Administration of wiping out scores of Laotian villages through random bombing, spent the afternoon at a well-publicized rally in Rhode Island, and finished the day by smiling out at America on the networks' late news shows. For this political season, at least, McCloskey is quite obviously the message.

Profiles in Courage

Remember Mayor Daley,
  The one progressives hated?
He won again, and Teddy
  Is suddenly elated.
From Maine, the moody Muskie
  Sent warm congratulations.
Both Humphrey and McGovern
  Made similar gyrations.
The riots and the rumbles
  Are buried in the attic.
With Illinois for Daley,
  It may go Democratic.

W. H. von Dreele

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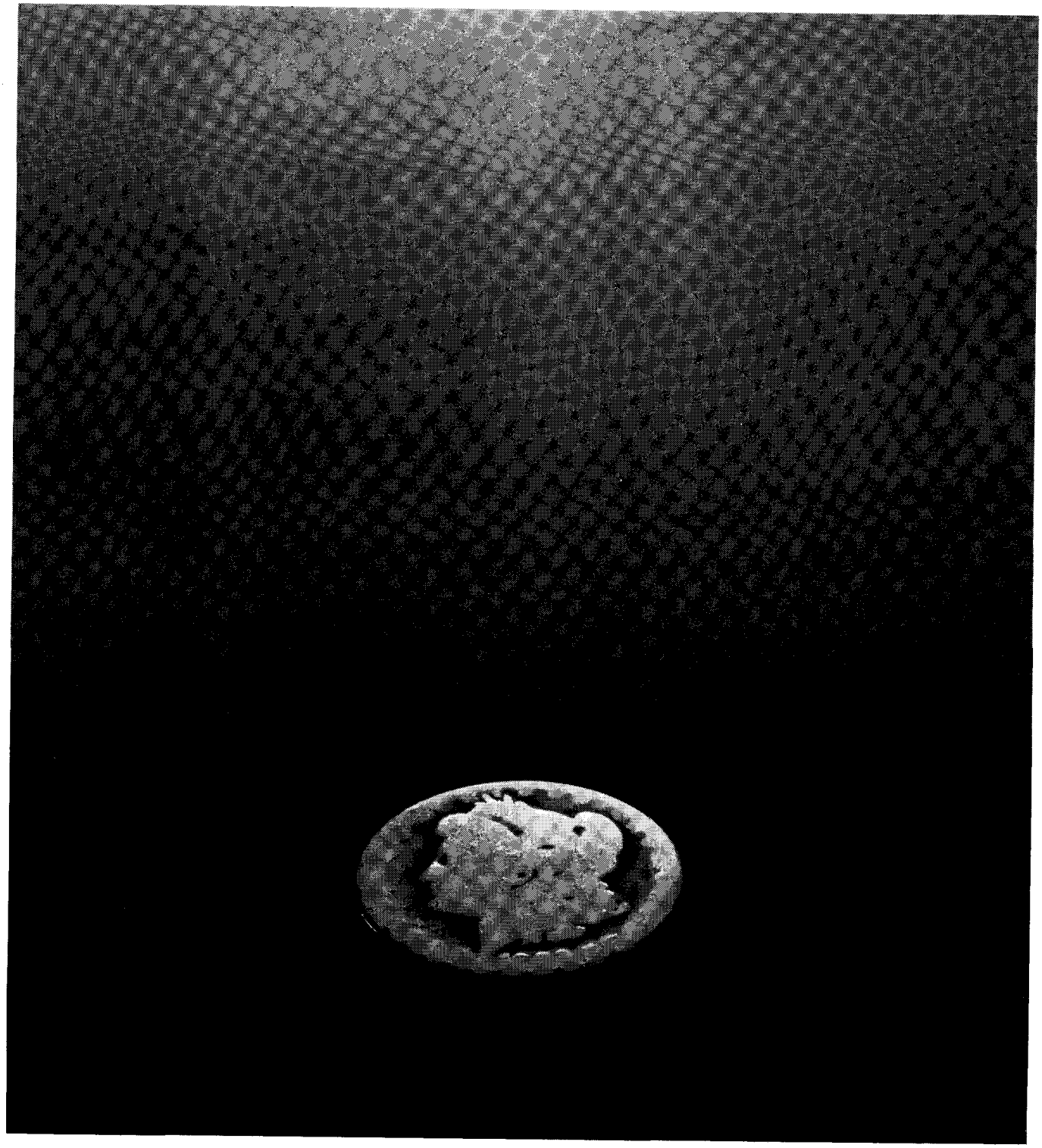

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■ In his Easter message, Cardinal Cooke of New York stated that, so far from giving women a free choice, the New York abortion law "has brought massive pressure on desperate pregnant girls and women. There is the abortion referral advertising, the reporting of increased abortions performed, indeed the acceptance of abortion as a fact of life rather than a fact of death." He then announced that, to counteract this pressure, the Archdiocese of New York had created a new service called Birthright. Birthright will have counselors ready to discuss women's problems with them; it will help arrange for pre- and post-natal medical care; and if, having had her baby, a woman decides that she wants to put him up for adoption, Birthright will start the proceedings. It indeed shows promise of being "a positive alternative to abortion."

■ The launching of Salyut, which it is expected will join with a subsequently launched manned craft to make up the prototype of an orbiting space platform, confirms that the Soviet Union has drawn ahead of the United States in the contest for superiority in "inner space," which most strategists believe will be militarily decisive in the decade of the Eighties. The earliest target date for orbiting the American space platform is 1973, and its achievement by that date depends on congressional appropriations which are by no means assured.

■ "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" Thus Shakespeare teaches students not only biological facts about Jews but something about the nature of Jews, Christians, Americans, Russians, Chinese, the nature of all people; human nature. But people are slow in learning. One of our international ping-pongists, having returned from Red China, confessed his surprise at discovering that the Chinese people he met were friendly; nice people; one of them even gave him a present. And a senior from Princeton, visiting the Air Force Academy in Colorado, exclaimed in great amazement: "Hey, you guys aren't the fascists I thought you were. You're just like everybody else." That the acknowledgement of elementary truths should come at all these days is, we suppose, heartening; that they should be treated as Revelation is something else again. Consequently it is not surprising that a Gallup poll finds that of the eleven million Americans between the ages of eighteen and 21, three out of four are Democrats; and that of the three Democratic senators generally considered as eligible, the youngsters prefer, by a wide margin, Teddy Kennedy. Well, if young people can be surprised to learn that Chinese people are nice people, and that American cadets are nice people, why shouldn't they also believe that Democrats are nice people?

■ All Britain, Americans can be happy to know, is in a frightful flap over the census, about to begin. There are 134 of the usual questions dreamed up by bureaucrats ruminating over the past decade, but, as with us, it is the fact that the replies will all be fed to computers that has most alarmed the populace. Jeremy Thorpe MP is the Bill Rickenbacker of the protest movement, and swears he will be led off to the gallows rather than submit to the assault of his privacy. The "colored," as they are called in Britain, are convinced that questions on their peculiar problems are a prelude to deporting them all to Tristan da Cunha. The navy has warned 5,500 persons who work at its secret projects in Bath that answering some of the questions may land them in gaol, or as our navy might put it, jail, for violating the Official Secrets Act. Michael Reed, head Censor by virtue of his post as Registrar General, was nearly torn to pieces at a press interview, but managed to conclude in the finest British tradition: "I cannot help feeling that the rumpus is a healthy thing." Bernard Levin has summed up for the party of commonsense: "With the worst will in the world, which I certainly have when it comes to filling in forms, I cannot bring myself to believe that the census is a monstrous assault on our civil liberties, an instrument of oppression, a giant leap along the road to the servile state. The trouble is, it is something which is arguably worse than all these things. It is a waste of time."

■ A scholarly friend who is a professor in the California university system writes to celebrate the appointment of Dr. Albert H. Bowker, lately of CUNY, as chancellor of Berkeley: "Bowker has got to be one of the all-time losers in education. I read his defense of open admissions today, and almost lost my mind."

■ Telegram from reader Bill Trash: "ANTHONY COPELAND, CONSERVATIVE NEGRO, ELECTED VICE PRESIDENT BY 79 PER CENT LANDSLIDE OVER ED GIBBS, WHITE LIBERAL. FIRST NEGRO V. FIRST LONG-HAIR AT VERY PREDOMINANTLY WHITE AUBURN UNIVERSITY. DEDUCTION? ALABAMA COLLEGE STILL CONSERVATIVE. BUT NOT PREJUDICED."

■ More on the Voucher System: The American Conservative Union has announced a nationwide campaign to muster support for the use of vouchers as a means of financing primary and secondary education. First step in the campaign: a scholarly study of the voucher system by Professors Yale Brozen and Roman L. Weil, copies of which are available for $1 from ACU's national headquarters, 328 Pennsylvania Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ On Chicago's black South Side, youth gangs reign pretty much supreme. The biggest and meanest of them is the Black P Stone Nation, which used to be run by Eugene Hairston (now serving time for solicitation to commit murder) and is now controlled by Jeff Fort (awaiting trial for attempted murder; appealing two sentences for contempt of Congress; indicted last week for defrauding an antipoverty education program). For years the Black P Stones have been getting money (more than

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$260,000 all told) for "legal expenses" from Denver millionaire Charles Kettering II. Last week, Kettering went to visit Fort in Cook County Jail, where he had the following chat with Winston Moore, Director of the Department of Corrections:

M: "Are you the one who brought all that money to cause all that crime here?"

K: "That's what they say."

M: "Don't you have some bad kids in Denver you can fund? [No answer.] . . . Are you interested in making black lawyers and doctors and engineers and other people who can be leaders in the community? How many people could you have sent to college for that money?"

K: "I have a standing offer with those cats to send any one of them to college. But I haven't had any takers."

M: "The only thing your money is doing in the community is causing violence."

K: "Well, that's your way of looking at it."

M: "Would you like me to send you some photos of the victims of gang shootings?"

K: "I'm interested in anything that will create a dialogue."

Hoover: Sacred and Profane

During Presidential election seasons, J. Edgar Hoover ceases to be a public official or even an actual human being. Rather, as if by magic, he is transformed into an object, the sole function of which is to provide a touchstone of virtue for aspiring Democratic politicians. Hunger comes and goes, Strontium 90 comes and goes, the War has come and will go, but some things are permanent and Hoover as Icon is one of them. The rules of the sect can be grasped by even the meanest intelligence: Your ideological purity is in direct ratio to the vehemence and frequency of your denunciation of Mr. Hoover.

The purest liberal of all, by far, is George McGovern. McGovern, naturally, performs the rite of denouncing Hoover almost daily. Edmund Muskie does not attempt the metaphysically high-wire task of getting to the left of McGovern, but in order to maintain his standing with the Democratic Left, its fat cats in particular, he has weighed in frequently in good style. Sometimes a devotee slips on the way to the altar. Thus Ramsey Clark denounced Hoover roundly in his book *Justice in America*, only to have it come out a few days ago that he, Ramsey Clark, along with LBJ, Joe Califano, Paul Nitze and other members of the First Amendment Ensemble, had set up the surveillance system which has monitored militants and activists since the big riot year of 1967. "That's not true," screamed Clark, exposed before the entire congregation, "I don't care what the documents say."

The attacks this year, however, have more than a ritual significance. They reach beyond the iconic Hoover and strike at the entire surveillance operation. The problem, briefly, is this. Until the late 1950s, the revolutionary effort in America depended upon relatively formal structures, especially the regular Communist Party. Tabs could be kept by infiltrating the structures, an operation that produced outstanding results. During the 1960s, as everyone knows, a cultural metastasis occurred. Individually, in communes, in T-groups, on campuses and underground, various kinds of conspirators made plans, real and fantastic, for revolutionary acts of all sorts, often extremely violent, and carried out not a few of them—like several thousand bombings and an assassination or two. This diffusion of the capacity for revolutionary action required new strategies of surveillance, and these were developed, often very successfully. The very diffusion of the revolutionary subculture, however, meant that harmless dissidents and even innocents would inevitably come under scrutiny. But to the success of the surveillance effort in identifying the organizers of revolutionary action we may confidently trace a goodly portion of the calm that has descended upon the nation during the current season.

In this context, the theft of the Media, Pa. FBI documents must be understood as part of a consciously designed counterintelligence operation. The group that carried out the theft has been disclosing a "first group" of FBI undercover informants whose names appear in the stolen documents; other "lists" presumably will follow. Such a tactic will both destroy the cover of the named informants and, more important, make it far more difficult to recruit future informants. The goal here is to disencumber the revolutionary "movement" of a confining surveillance.

J. Edgar Hoover, let us recall, is not an icon but a man and a public official and therefore fallible. During a closed session of the House Appropriations subcommittee, Hoover discussed the Berrigan affair, then under FBI investigation; this may have been indiscreet—but Hoover indicated that the investigation was being pursued, and the FBI itself made no release on the matter. The committee chairman decided to make the matter public, and it is here that the principal onus ought to lie. Then there is the question of Hoover's alleged use of Martin Luther King's penchant for "scattering his maker's image round the land." As the story goes, Hoover learned about King's sex life while having him under surveillance for alleged Communist associations. Then Hoover is supposed to have confronted King with the evidence and blackmailed him into stopping his attacks on the FBI. This story seems to be a complete myth. The three associates of King who attended the meeting with Hoover deny it flatly. For evidence we have only the unsupported assertion of a few sensationalist journalists.

Let no one imagine, however, that the removal or the retirement of J. Edgar Hoover would cause the attacks on the FBI to cease—so long, that is, as the FBI continues to play an effective role in the defense of the Republic. As a matter of fact, the regular spasms of Hoover-baiting make it impossible for him to retire even if he ardently so desired.

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Mideast Troika

The United Arab Republic has had a hard time living up to its name, but it is going to try again. This round the original pair, Egypt and Syria, are being joined by oil-rich, revolutionary Libya. The federation plan drawn up in Benghazi and announced April 17 by Presidents Anwar el-Sadat, Muammar el-Qaddafi, and Hafez al-Assad will be submitted to plebiscites in those countries on September 1. The results of plebiscites in that part of the world are predictable.

On the record, the odds that the three will successfully consolidate into a stable federal republic must be rated rather long. Though Arabs pay rhetorical obeisance to the concept of a single "Arab nation" to which all Arabs belong, in practice about the only point they agree on is opposition to Israel. The domestic differences among Egypt, Syria and Libya in size of population, wealth, resources, economic system, mode of government and traditional culture seem too great to permit any real fusion.

This unity announcement is perhaps to be interpreted primarily as another move in the continuing conflict with Israel. This conflict, in military recess, seems to be rapidly hardening in its current diplomatic, psychological and political phase. The newly projected front, which included in its initial announcement a declaration that it would never cede "one inch of Arab land" or accept any compromise on the issue of restitution for the Palestinian refugees, parallels the deployment of new advanced Soviet ground-to-air missile systems and the formidable MiG-23 aircraft west of the Suez Canal. Officially the Jarring negotiations have never got off the ground. But in reality, the series of publicized speeches, broadcasts, threats, offers, leaks, cabinet meetings etc. by Israelis, Arabs, Russians and Americans, as well as the new weapons and rumors of weapons, may all be considered "negotiations" in the modern manner. The Arab side, with the help of its Soviet backer, is currently coming down hard, figuring it can take political advantage of a) international displeasure with Israel's seeming intransigence in response to Egyptian President el-Sadat's earlier seemingly conciliatory offers, and b) the psychological effect of the powerful new arms from Moscow and the assurance of Soviet firmness that their arrival suggests. Bristling as it looks, this thrust from the Arab side is not likely to break the ceasefire that has held since late last summer, though it makes more unlikely than ever a genuine peace.

In Defense of Calculus

At the beginning of the school year, we announced the incorporation of University Professors for Academic Order (UPAO). They then had members from 102 campuses; at their first national meeting at the end of January, there were 290 campuses in 44 states represented.

The purpose of that meeting was to establish policy guidelines. Among the statements that emerged from it: "The university professor, because he has mastered his subject, is entitled to responsible liberty in the presentation of the subject he teaches. This is, by definition, academic freedom"; and "Academic freedom is not license. It must not serve as a shield and justification for behavior patterns antithetical to it. By these we mean: a) egregious neglect of professional duties; b) advocacy or employment of violence and disruption to the normal processes of intellectual discourse; c) flouting of law duly set up by the constituted authorities of the government." And, from UPAO's newsletter, "Universitas," an excerpt from a speech by Dean Ralph Raimi (University of Rochester): "Have we really come to the state where we must first justify ourselves politically, before we can insist that our students go on about their calculus? . . . Yes, politics and war are important, and so is the harvesting of wheat and the building of steel mills, but that is not our business. Whoever wishes to campaign, to petition, to build and to harvest, that person has my respect and blessing, but he has no call on my calculus class which is reserved for those who wish to study calculus."

Vietnam

The loud obsequies a fortnight ago for the South Vietnamese army, hopelessly mauled, as we were told, in the Laotian operation, turn out to have been premature. After several subsequent raids into Laos, the South Vietnamese are on the move again in a major way, this time into the Ashau Valley, a key North Vietnamese supply and staging area, which has been immune from attack since 1969.

Meanwhile, in the domestic sector of the war, the opposing positions are crystallizing. Senator Edmund Muskie, who heretofore has endeavored to project a moderate image and to maintain his links with the center of opinion within the Democratic Party, lurched sharply to the left. At the Allard Lowenstein-organized antiwar rally in Providence, R.I., which was conspicuously boycotted by the state's regular Democratic leaders, Muskie called for immediate and total withdrawal. He also gave his blessing to the Washington protest organized by the National Peace Action Coalition, the leadership of which is Trotskyite. As columnists Evans and Novak remarked incredulously, Muskie thus "aligned himself with left revolutionary forces who do not merely oppose U.S. participation in the war but openly advocate a Communist victory." The Muskie tactic is clearly designed to gain him acceptance, if not enthusiastic support, from the vociferous Left. The move possesses at least one patent weakness: Muskie must do well in the initial primary in New Hampshire, where the Democratic Party is well to the right of the Republican Party, and where a Henry Jackson candidacy could pose a serious threat.

Meanwhile, in a broadcast interview before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the President appeared to toughen his position on withdrawal, linking it

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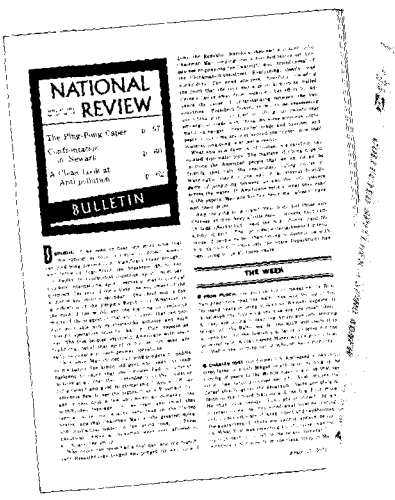

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Another Vietnamese Viewpoint

At about the time that the South Vietnamese captured the North's principal supply depot on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, Art Buchwald wrote a column which told us the way three typical South Vietnamese soldiers felt about their latest campaign.

A corporal named Lok complained that if it hadn't been for the U.S., his company wouldn't be in Laos "getting our butts shot off." But another soldier disagreed:

"You always think of yourselves," Pfc. No Dem said. "Do you realize there is a lot more at stake than just getting your butt shot off?"

"Like what?" Cpl. Lok demanded.

"Well, if President Nixon doesn't get enough American troops out of Vietnam he could lose the election in 1972."

"I hadn't thought of that," Pfc. Mhu Mhu said.

"You mean we're dug in here getting our butts shot off just so we won't make a liar out of Nixon?" Cpl. Lok said.

"Not just Nixon, but Henry Kissinger and Mel Laird and Ambassador Bunker and General Abrams and Joseph Alsop. There are a lot of careers that could go down the drain if we don't interdict the enemy's supply lines before the rainy season starts," Pfc. No Dem warned.

Buchwald didn't know it, but a similar conversation was going on in a North Vietnamese bunker about a thousand meters up the road:

"What in the name of Marx are we doing in Laos, anyway? Why don't we pull back to our own country instead of staying here and getting our butts bombed off?" asked Pfc. Thuy.

"That's a reactionary thought," cautioned Cpl. Nhu. "If our battle-hardened patriots abandoned the Trail to the inept mercenaries of Ky and Thieu, the U.S. imperialists would be encouraged to take out their own forces at an even faster rate."

"But for Ho's sake, that's what we *want*, isn't it?"

"Not on your life, booby," Cpl. Nhu observed. "Our leaders have been saying that Nixon's withdrawal plan is a hoax, and if he speeds up the withdrawal, they would lose face."

"I hadn't thought of that," Pfc. Thuy admitted.

"Besides," Nhu continued, "the forces of peace and progress throughout the world have declared that our victory is inevitable. If that turns out to be a questionable pronouncement, people like Fulbright and Harriman and Art Buchwald will plummet into Credibility Gap and the American peace movement will collapse."

"You mean to tell me we're out here getting our butts bombed off to keep Art Buchwald from looking like an idiot?" Pfc. Thuy demanded.

"Something like that," said Cpl. Nhu.

—Jean Jeffries

to the release of prisoners, but also, and crucially, to the capacity of South Vietnam to defend itself. And so the war goes forward in the Ashau Valley, in Providence, R.I., in Washington, D.C., and in the state of New Hampshire.

Antiwar Chic

"Publishers for Peace has been revived," ran the letter in the *New York Review of Books*, calling all to join them for an evening's "reading for peace." Thus did a a substantial segment of New York's literary intelligentsia launch its annual spring peace offensive. Under the sponsorship of Publishers for Peace and the New York Peace Action Coalition (NYPAC) the call went out to foregather at the Ethical Culture Society "chapel" on Central Park West on April 18 (a Sunday night, of course: the New Liturgy takes place in the evening).

The listed Patrons were a cross-section of the trendy world: Pop Art collectors Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, artist Raphael Soyer, *Social Register*-ite Iola Haverstick, *New Yorker* poet Howard Moss, critic Richard Poirier. To make the evening rubrically impeccable, our old-friend Melvyn Douglas signed on.

The event itself was a celebration of "Divine Disobedience." Sister Elizabeth McAllister, who has been named as a Berrigan co-conspirator, read from the Gospel according to St. Luke about Jesus going up to the Temple in Jerusalem where he drove the money-changers out. Then there was Francine du Plessix Gray, blonde-maned, trousered, pew-hopping. After some preliminary reflections regarding the "armed Fordham alumni in the FBI," Francine got down to business and read from Jesuit Daniel Berrigan's unpublished commentary on St. John of the Cross: to live authentically in America, i.e., underground, is to endure a Dark Night of the Soul. (During this reading, the Princess Casamassima was spotted in one of the back pews, rapt in devout concentration.) Elizabeth Hardwick read a little Simone Weil. Actor Robert Ryan read from William Styron, Jules Feiffer read humorously from the Chicago Conspiracy Trial transcript, and Arthur Miller—a more self-involved artist—read from his own script. Also on the program were Lillian Hellman and Ted Solotaroff of *New American Review*. And there were filmed interviews with Mylai veterans.

All was being readied for the April 24 weekend march in Washington, D.C., and in the program provided a host of signers urged us to "March against the War"

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by supporting the April 24 mobilization: Jason Epstein (Random House), Charlotte Curtis (*Times*), Gerald Walker (*Times*), Gloria Steinem (*New York*), Isaac Asimov, Murray Kempton (*N.Y. Review of Books*), Angus Cameron (Knopf), Sabio Coen (Pantheon/Knopf), Dick Gregory, Joseph Heller, Ring Lardner Jr., Thomas Guinzburg (Viking), and on and on.

The Media Watch

On its April 14 Op Ed page, the *New York Times* prints a piece by one Paul T. K. Lin, who argued somewhat assertively that Peking ought to run Taiwan and is prevented from doing so only by U.S. imperialism, with Japan in cahoots. But who is Paul T. K. Lin? According to the *Times* he is "professor of history and chairman of the East Asia Studies Committee, McGill University." Not worth mentioning is the fact that for some time Mr. Lin was secretary and interpreter for Chou En-lai. (Stop Press: The current *Newsweek* mentions, without amplification, "American journalist Anna Louise Strong" and "China specialist Edgar Snow.")

At the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, *Washington Star* editor Newbold Noyes charged that "the worst of our lazy and superficial performance is that we of the press are allowing ourselves to be manipulated by various interests." He noted that "all my fellow editors were as inert and stupid as I was" in taking at face value charges that police across the counry were busy murdering Black Panthers. A. M. Rosenthal of the *Times* rose in righteous wrath to protest Mr. Noyes' charges.

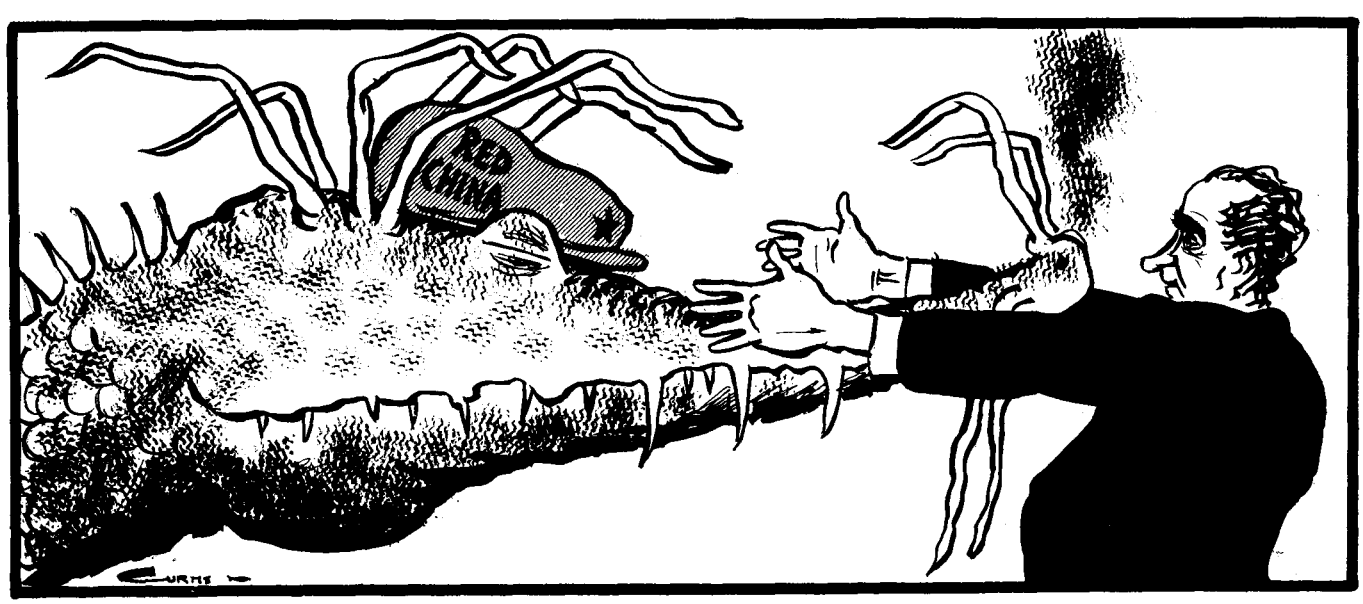
So the next morning you turn to the *Times*' front-page story about the nomination of Charles Evers for Governor of Mississippi by the "loyalist" Mississippi Democratic Party, successor to the Freedom Democratic Party. In the second paragraph of the story, Mr. Evers is described as a "48-year-old entrepreneur-turned-politician." If you have enough interest to pursue the story all the way through to its conclusion on page 61, you learn that Mr. Evers was an "entrepreneur" in the numbers racket, bootlegging and prostitution. Mr. Evers claims that "his life outside the law was the result of racist society that denied him access to a legitimate occupation." Mr. Evers' campaign—and the *Times*' coverage of it—is off to a brilliant start.

Academic Scorecard

The campuses seem quieter than last year, but whether that indicates less attention from the media or a new calm or simply preparations for bigger and better things will not be known for a while (at least not until the always dangerous spring riot season is over on the nation's campuses). However, there are some revealing developments here and there.

First, chalk up one for the kids. The dean's office at Tufts University was recently set on fire by Molotov cocktails thrown through the window; the dean's tapestries and first editions were destroyed in the fire. After surveying the damage, the dean pronounced the bombing "a cowardly, brutal, childish and ineffectual deed . . . which is bound to react on its authors." Why, he indignantly explained, he was not a hawk at all, he was just as much against the war as anybody on campus.

Meanwhile, the counterrevolution is alive and well on many campuses. In Hartford, a judge has denied the right of "official campus recognition" to an SDS chapter at Central Connecticut State College, on the grounds that he was not convinced the group would remain peaceful and obey campus regulations. At Harvard, the Harvard-Radcliffe YAF has been working to get pro-Administra-



"Uh . . . you are smiling, aren't you?"

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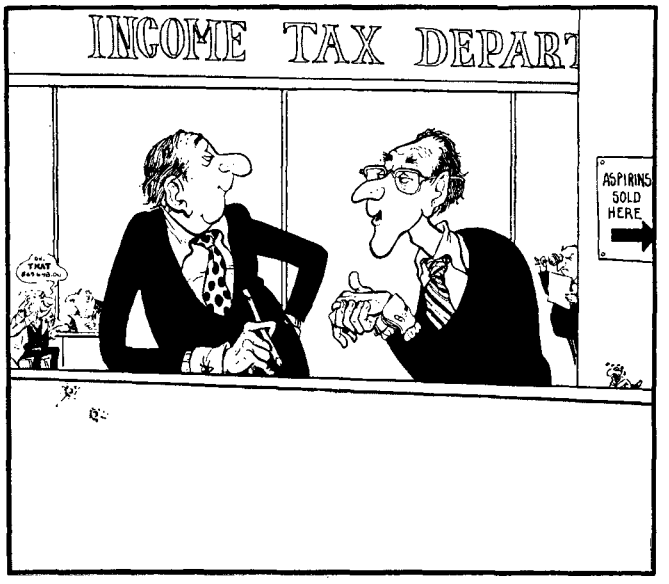

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"If there's one thing I like to see, it's a grown man cry!"

tion speakers into teach-ins, and to get women's libbers out of occupied buildings. And at Queens College, New York two students are using the courts as their base of operations. Last December, Michael Fellner and Edward De Vito filed suit in Small Claims Court for $2.38 each, this being the portion of their annual student-activity fees that was allocated to the student newspaper, the *Phoenix*. They claim that it is unfair for them to have to support a newspaper that is consistently New Leftist, usually anti-religious, and frequently licentious or pornographic. That suit has not yet been decided, but they have since asked for and obtained a court order forcing the college president to allow military recruiters on campus, and they have requested another show-cause order asking city officials and college administrators why police won't make arrests on campus without the college's requesting that they do so.

Wall Street Revisited

Six months ago *NR* added its voice ("To Thine Own Self Be True," *NR*, Nov. 17, 1970) to the discerning chorus calling upon the New York Stock Exchange to start practicing what it preaches: free-market competition. Specifically, we suggested, as a starter, price competition in the matter of brokers' commissions if the Exchange wishes to remain a going concern. Noting the pace of subsequent developments, even we have been somewhat dazzled at the results of *NR*'s intervention. Within two weeks, the President of the Exchange, Mr. Robert Haack, came out publicly for negotiated commissions; then the Securities and Exchange Commission issued an order to the Exchange to shift to negotiated commissions on all trades over $500,000 in value. And on April 5, at 10:01 A.M., Goldman, Sachs crossed 207,000 shares of Uniroyal at 19⅛. It was the first recorded transaction, since the New York Stock Exchange opened in 1792, in which the broker's commission was not fixed by the Exchange authorities.

We see no good reason to stop at the half-million dollar level. As brokers and customers learn to do business under the new system, the $500,000 minimum should be progressively reduced until all transactions are done under commission arrangements set by each broker. The next logical step toward free-market procedure is to permit (and encourage) brokers to separate the charges for the various services that are presently covered collectively by the commission fee: brokers' chit-chat time, storage of certificates, collection of dividends, voting of proxies and research advice and publications. Then it will become possible for small investors, as well as the giant mutual funds and banks, to pay for just the specific services they want, and no more.

The end of price fixing and package commission fees will mean some fundamental changes in the character of the brokerage business. Some houses will probably specialize in executing transactions for small investors; some will become research specialists; others will aim to serve the big institutional traders. No doubt there will be casualties along the way. Competition tends to make life more strenuous, particularly for those who haven't experienced it before. But the end result will be a stronger New York Stock Exchange and a stronger central market for securities trading. The wonder is how close the citadel of capitalism had come in recent years to committing suicide, as business slipped away to the regional exchanges and non-member firms where customers could buy the service they needed at a lower price.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Burnham:

Regarding your mathematics lesson in the "Notes & Asides" column of the NATIONAL REVIEW of April 20: Do you suppose that you could find space in your magazine to explain just how you arrived at .035 as the probability of being a victim of a serious crime during a seventy-year lifetime, given that the probability of this event happening in any given year is 1/200, or .005?

It seems to me that if you don't like Professor Wilson's formulation of the problem: $P = .005(70)$, the only reasonable alternate formulation would be:

$$P = 1 - (.995)^{70}$$

which means one minus the probability of *not* being the victim of a serious crime in each and every of seventy years. This probability works out very approximately

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to .299, or pretty near Professor Wilson's result for the rejected method.

I cannot see the logic in your rejection of Professor Wilson's method, for it accurately uses the elementary probability theorem that the probability of an event consisting of any one of *n* independent events is equal to $P_1 + P_2 \ldots + P_n$. The *only* time that this formulation is inappropriate is when the resultant probability is equal to or greater than unity, as in your coin-tossing example.

Furthermore, it is quite odd that Professor Wilson's value of the probability, expressed in decimals, is .35 while yours is .035. This suggests that your own value only differs from the Professor's because you were careless with the decimals in your computations.

Of course, you might be right after all, and if so I would like to know why. If I find out I shall renew my subscription.

Yours truly,
J. W. Kerstetter
Chicago, Ill.

To: WFB
From: JB

With a deep blush, your old mathematics teacher confesses that he took too quick a whirl with his trusty Curta and mis-calculated his correction of Professor Wilson's correction of Ramsey Clark. A splendid supporting force of mathematicians among your admirers has joined in pointing out Professor Wilson's theoretical mistake, and re-doing the calculation. I think we had better settle for the figure Harold M. George got from the computer at Princeton: "The probability of getting clubbed is 0.29593." "This is likely the only time," Mr. George adds, "the Princeton computer has worked for a good conservative publication."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am very curious about what President Nixon told you when you saw him in Washington. You state you will not reveal it except perhaps in your dying bed. Could it be that you run for President in the future? If so, why not? It would be a great waste to keep it until you are dying, when it would not matter any more.

Sincerely,
Florinda Bellini
St. Thomas, V.I.

How do you know? Suppose he gave me a cure for cancer? Then I wouldn't die that day. Right? —*WFB*

■ Hon (?) James L. Buckley
Washington, D.C.
Sir:

Now that my nausea has subsided after accidentally observing your appearance on *Laugh-In* last evening, I, as one of your constituents and former admirers, am constrained to comment.

Your silly grin as the inane and vulgar questions were asked and your equally inane replies were less than worthy of a senator of the United States.

The fact that you appeared on that program at all was an insult to the decent people whom you represent.

The disgusting episode in which you freely participated and apparently enjoyed as an accomplice in lending your position to a disgraceful program is an affront to the dignity of the Senate, to your family, to your church, and to your constituency. I trust that your acting the clown insured the support of the addicts of the program who undoubtedly enjoy its indecencies. I trust, too, that they are in the minority. Yours,

Robert Hitchcock
1330 Marine Trust Building
Buffalo, New York

Mr. Robert Hitchcock

Sir: I have forwarded your letter to my brother the columnist—William F. Buckley Jr. It was he, not I, who appeared on *Laugh-In*. I can't help but be curious as to why you consented to watch a program of which you so strongly disapprove. Sincerely,

James L. Buckley

United States Senate Memorandum

Dear Priscilla:

A sample of the fan mail we receive. I look forward to reading Bill's reply. Cheers,

Jackie (Sec. to Sen. James L. Buckley)

Robert M. Hitchcock

Dear Mr. Hitchcock: It is typical of my brother to attempt to deceive his constituents. It was, of course, he, not I, who appeared on *Laugh-In*, just as you suspected. On the other hand, you need not worry about it. His greatest deception is as yet undiscovered. It was *I*, not *he*, who was elected to the Senate. So you see, you have nothing to worry about. You are represented in the Senate by a responsible, truthful man. Yours,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

Innocents Abroad

Events in China really make me wince.
I doubt if Mr. Nixon's read *The Prince.*
I'm terrified that he shall run amuck
By yearning for the days of Pearl S. Buck.
(As if a bit of ping-pong and a bow
Made instant gentlemen of Chou and Mao.)
Nor are we Arabs: No one comprehends
How "enemies of enemies are friends."
Those 700 million have a plan.
They shouldn't be confused with Charlie Chan.

W. H. von Dreele

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CATO

THE DEMOCRATIC ROLLER-COASTER

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Is Edmund Muskie a frontrunner? Does being a frontrunner have any advantages for a candidate? Democratic insiders answer no to both questions these days, though more so to the second than to the first.

Muskie's lead over his rivals has proved more imaginary than real, as Washington hears repeated reports of Muskie's failure to communicate with grass-roots supporters. On a recent visit to California Muskie was widely criticized for being vague and distant in conversations with local party leaders, some of whom would willingly jump on a Ted Kennedy bandwagon at a nod from such California leaders as Jess Unruh. Muskie has also failed to tap potential reservoirs of support in congressional delegations from Arkansas, Texas and Ohio.

Senate colleagues believe the central difficulty of the Muskie campaign to be Muskie's firm placement in the political center, a stance once thought to be his greatest asset. But now the Maine Democrat is under fire from his party's Left because of his stance on Vietnam and abortion. Even one-time Democratic centrist Hubert Humphrey gleefully tells colleagues that he is more firmly in favor of a quick pullout from Vietnam than Muskie.

Probably the severest blow to Muskie's candidacy came from Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who told reporters in late April that Muskie was losing ground and the contest for the 1972 nomination was more of a horse race than it had been two months before. Although some skeptics have dismissed Mansfield's remarks as being just what a party leader in the Senate would have to say when almost all contenders for the nomination are senators, other sources report that Mansfield has been saying the same thing in private for several weeks.

From his vantage point in the Senate, Mansfield has been able to see the two most remarkable revivals of early 1971: the resurgence of Hubert Humphrey's hopes, largely because of Humphrey's energetic re-establishment of old contacts, and the renewal of serious consideration of Ted Kennedy as a contender, mostly because of a flagging of interest and loss of confidence in Muskie. The Republicans think that a Democratic free-for-all would benefit the President, who may be faced with a fractious contest against California Congressman Paul McCloskey. According to this line of Republican thinking, a Republican fracas would seem less dramatic if the fight for the Democratic nomination involved five or six serious contenders.

■ As of now, the New Hampshire primary lines up this way: President Nixon or a stand-in, possibly Senator Norris Cotton, will do battle with McCloskey in the Republican primary; there will be at least three or four Democratic contenders. Muskie will, of course, be running in New Hampshire, where he has heretofore been given an easy lead by tipsters. His opponents will probably be George McGovern, who will contest as many early primaries as he can afford; Henry Jackson, who has a solid base of New Hampshire support; and the maverick mayor of Los Angeles Sam Yorty, whose balloons-and-convertibles brand of conservatism is not expected to hurt moderate conservative Jackson's vote very much. There will be a write-in campaign for Edward Kennedy. Birch Bayh, Harold Hughes, and Hubert Humphrey will probably stay as far away from New Hampshire as possible.

■ The new Democratic contender is Wisconsin's William Proxmire, who may join everyone else in the New Hampshire primary. Like a number of his Senate colleagues, Proxmire has never ruled out the possibility of a candidacy for the '72 nomination. But what makes a Proxmire race fairly probable is his declaration at a Milwaukee news conference on April 15 that he might enter the race, and that he would enter as a "national candidate," not as a favorite son.

Like George McGovern, Proxmire went home to make his statement. He was easily re-elected in 1970 and would run as a loner in a field of well-financed opponents. The Proxmire issue is likely to be defense spending, about which the Wisconsin Democrat has spoken frequently in the past several months. At present, no political observer in Washington thinks Proxmire has much of a chance but many see him as a tough fighter who will make the position of fence-straddlers like Edmund Muskie difficult.

■ Justice Department officials are chortling at the fuss over alleged wiretapping of congressional telephones and bugging of congressional conversations. The only significant incident thus far unearthed by critics concerns Congressman John Dowdy (D., Tex.). Dowdy's legal situation is, to say the least, perilous, and some Capitol Hill veterans compare his case to that of former Senator Daniel Brewster of Maryland.

The Congressman is about to stand trial for accepting a $25,000 bribe, and Dowdy doesn't fit the part of a victimized White Knight. The Administration feels certain it can make its case against Dowdy stick. If it succeeds, the result will be, coincidentally, to throw the Texas Democratic Party, already reeling under the defection of John Connally to the Administration, into further confusion. Dowdy's impending trial (May 3 in Baltimore), combined with his ill health, has had the side effect of weakening the conservative block on the House District Committee. Although some colleagues see Dowdy's case as a personal tragedy, the chances of its becoming the cause célèbre of the anti-bugging lobby are at best remote. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

WHOSE SERVE?

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Even God, Aquinas explains, cannot will the past not to have been. Could we have prevented Mao's conquest of China? In a think tank it would be easy to construct a model showing how, given U.S. power and resources relative to Mao's in 1945-50, he could have been blocked. But among the actual givens of those years were 150 million Americans with certain ideas, attitudes, illusions and leaders. Entering those in the equations, Mao could not have been stopped, and was not. Free will is a reality of the present facing the future, not of the past.

There is something so elegant in Mao's ping-pong charade that it is painful to coarsen it by political or strategic analysis. The temptation is to enjoy it merely, like a superb Chinese painting, which, in spirit and verve of execution, it resembles. How delicious that a major shift in the global power equilibrium should be brought about by an airy, bouncing ping-pong ball!

No, not a major shift in the power equilibrium itself, but in the posture of the players—the players around the big board, that is, not at the tennis tables. The Chinese have been in the power business a very long time. They are in no hurry, and they will have understood that no basic changes in the power balance come overnight through an invitation to a traveling troupe of obscure athletes. The Chinese understand this, but many Americans—bear witness the media hailing the new international dawn!—do not.

A Pekinese View

Certainly it is easy to see why Peking, now that the regime is reconsolidated after the rough catharsis of the Cultural Revolution, should want a détente with the U.S., for a while. China's glacial thrust moves north into what is now Siberia, south into the Southeast Asian peninsula, southwest over the mountains into the Indian subcontinent. The most serious threat, as well as a vast future prize, is to the north. A link, even the hint of a link, with the U.S. acts to bolster the defense against that threat during the long preparation for winning the prize. To the south, the U.S. is committed to pulling out; the exit will be greased more smoothly by a friendly tone than by missile-rattling. As for the southwest, how lucky the concatenation that brings Peking and Washington together in support of West Pakistan, while Moscow joins New Delhi in sympathy with Bangla Desh!

Then too, there is the power of Japan —the military power now, the economic power having been already assured—rising from the ashes. Just as well to be thinking far enough ahead about forestalling an anti-China Japanese-American united military front.

From the point of view of Washington, also, it is easy to make out the case for some degree of détente—especially a Washington in which the most influential expert on foreign policy is an admirer of Metternich and an avowed believer in balance-of-power diplomacy. The main threat to the U.S.—in this period—is the Soviet Union. Rift between the Soviet Union and China and rapprochement between China and the U.S. serve—in this period—to lessen that main threat, and are therefore in the American interest.

The balance-of-power argument is unassailable up to a point. The question is whether the conduct it inspires can be kept short of that point. What effect will rapprochement with Peking have on the security of our advanced line of strategic defense that stretches in a gigantic arc from the Aleutians through South Korea and the islands off the China coast, down through Southeast Asia and the Philippines to its southern anchor in Australia? Do we now forget about Chinese nuclear developments? Will the doves now point to Administration policy as proving we have no need for an ABM system? Do we no longer need to worry about Chinese penetration of East Africa, Latin America, Southeast Asia, India?

We Americans are not so good at making fine distinctions. We want it to be bad guy or good guy, hot or cold, war or peace. The Chinese play ping-pong, it is said, with delicacy *and* savagery.

Chinese Have a Name for It

The classical diplomats are right in taking the balance-of-power principle as central in their trade. But in a revolutionary epoch it cannot be interpreted solely in nation terms. Beyond the power vectors of the nations, there is in a revolutionary epoch the universal thrust of the revolution. This is what gives both the Soviet Union and China an advantage, unaffected by the relations of national power, for which we have no commensurate counterweight. They are carriers of revolution: i.e., of a virus that can not merely defeat a nation-state but destroy the civilization of which all Western nations are parts.

Communist China, like Communist Russia, enters as a nation-state into relations, hot or cold, with other nation-states. Meanwhile each, as a dynamic revolutionary center, is continuously radiating the revolution; and this revolutionary transmission is often more penetrating if the *national* relations are friendly. What will it profit us to have model relations with the Peking government if meanwhile the Peking-supported revolutionary movement cuts the ground from under us?

How innocent and stupid to let the Chinese pay the expenses for that springtime tour! Could not Americans at least have had the sophistication—if not the pride—to pay their own way? How abject, to accept so meekly the Chinese condescension in "permitting us not to be beaten too badly"! The Chinese have another name for that game they were playing. They call it brainwashing. □

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THE HOLY TERRORISTS

Fidel Castro said it: Radical priests may be a greater threat to America than the Communist Party. The Berrigan brothers, darlings of the revolutionary Left, seem intent on proving him right.

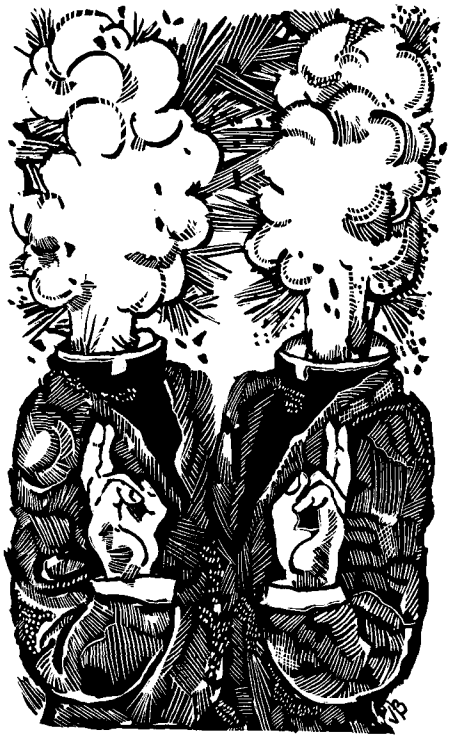
The Berrigans vs the United States

MAX GELTMAN

Old Tom Berrigan was a good father, a good union man and a good Catholic who beat the tar out of his sons, Daniel and Philip, but he couldn't beat the devil out of them. It has even been suggested that the beatings had an adverse effect. ("My father," says Dan Berrigan, "was a tyrannical, brutal man who made me bristle against authority.") They never forgot the mighty hand he laid on whenever they committed an infraction of the Berrigan house rules. This left its mark on the unruly sons, more so on Dan than on Phil, a sturdier lad, who was able to shuck off the boyish pains easier than his more sensitive and bookish brother.

When Dan grew up he would subscribe to *Partisan Review*, an intellectual journal of pseudorevolutionary pietism. Phil, less addicted to things of the mind, subscribed to I. F. Stone's *Weekly*. I don't know which were the more decisive influences—Papa Berrigan's rigid upbringing or the loose ideas they picked up at random from the marginalia of New York and Washington radicalism. It has been suggested the war in Vietnam helped to radicalize them, as did the teachings of Monsignor Ivan Illich about whom we shall have more to say later. In any case, whatever the influences, they became what they are—the most dedicated of revolutionary clerics whose trials and tribulations have suddenly elevated them to the top of the heap in the radical counterculture of America, even above Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. But—whereas one could laugh at the clowning of the aging Yippies (how sad to contemplate that they are both now crowding forty)—it is not so with the Berrigans—not at all.

The Berrigans are terribly sincere.



They are also a terrible problem. It is one thing to show the fuzz, the hated pigs, chasing some ill-kempt, long-haired pickets and draft-card burners down an empty street. It's another thing to see the same sight on television when those caught in flagrante wear the round white collar of the True Church, and on being "apprehended," as the cops always say, insist on kneeling to say the appropriate prayer the while they lift their crucifixes on high for the (usually) Irish Catholic cops to see. For the police officer, brought up to respect the cloth and the men who wear it, the experience can be shattering. Forced to make an arrest, he will murmur in a husky, subdued voice, "Sorry, Father, but gee, gosh, we gotta take you in, so please don't resist." And when the priest is Dan Berrigan S.J. ("Never leave off the identifying initials," he exhorts) who says, "Do your duty, son," well, then, the sympathy of the audience on and off TV is apt to be with the culprits, the holy men, the divine disobedients. (I am indebted for some of the information and quoted material in this essay to Francine du Plessix Gray's fascinating but terrible book, *Divine Disobedience*.)

'The World by the Tail'

When Dan and Phil were arrested at Catonsville, Maryland, on May 17, 1968, for setting fire to 378 draft files, the local gendarmerie looked on askance, not quite knowing what to make of it. On the sidewalk Father Dan knelt and intoned, "We burn these draft cards in the name of that God whose name is decency, humanity and love." Later, when Father Phil found himself in the poky, the warden, a good Catholic, asked deferentially of his holy prisoner whether he could attend Mass on Sunday with his wife and kids. Phil said yes, but don't forget to bring the wine and bread—fresh bread, please! (This affection for fresh bread is probably derived, the sociologists would say, from a deprived childhood. Dorothy Day once remarked the vulgarity of Father Dan's passion for a fresh French loaf to serve for the Eucharist during a Mass he conducted in her Catholic Worker center, letting the crumbs—"the body of Christ," she sadly observed—fall carelessly to the floor.)

From prison Father Philip wrote to Father Daniel, "We've got the world by the tail. The Cardinal's rectory has just called to restore my faculties of saying Mass and hearing confession." Mean-

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while a delegation arrived from Loyola University bringing a cherished parcel of books made up of the works of Che Guevara, Herbert Marcuse and Régis Debray. Leaving Phil in jail, as the Victorian novelist used to say, we begin at the beginning of the antidraft innovations that have put the special imprimatur of the Brothers Berrigan—Phil a Josephite, Dan a Jesuit—on the antiwar movement.

Blood and Fire

First came the Baltimore Four caper. Here is where Phil Berrigan poured (mostly) his own blood mixed with some delicatessen juice squeezed from a couple of blutwursts onto the draft records of a Selective Service center in Baltimore. It came about because the wicked authorities had refused to arrest him from an earlier sortie at Fort Meyers. This outraged Phil, a man who outrages easily. (Once, staying at a friend's house he threw furniture around and banged on the walls because he was frustrated with the way things were going in the Movement.) Determined to make the authorities pay attention, he called on his disciples to spill their blood on the hated symbols of the Establishment—the draft files.

"Kids," he shouted, after he had formulated his plan for the bloodletting, "Kids, we've got them by the balls." (Father Berrigan is also described as a gentle, saintly, soft-spoken priest.) "If they don't arrest us next time, we give a mandate for all peace groups to enter government buildings. If they jail us, that'll be just the kind of witness I want to offer. . . ." After admonishing his recruits to stand firm and not cringe before the cruel state machinery, and to stand "witness" openly and honestly to what they did—or were planning to do—he called his most faithful disciple to him and said: Go ye, and call Bill Kunstler—just in case.

The time for the bloody deed had come. Phil called on a friendly doctor to apply the needle to his quivering veins, but the medic refused, saying he took blood only to save lives, not to smear draft files. Undaunted, Father Phil called on an orderly from the local hospital, who had more experience extracting bedpans than in extracting blood from humans, to puncture the arteries of his loyal little band of blood donors. After a bit of ineffectual and painful probing and stabbing, his disciples either fainted dead away, or screamed in agony, please God, to stop. But not Father Berrigan. He shouted, "Stick it into me, stick it in harder." (An analyst can make something out of this. Me, I'm content to record his painful request and proceed.) The blood spread, the mission accomplished, Phil Berrigan was ready for the next assault on the Establishment. This time he and his brother Dan would sally forth with a larger troop and they would burn the draft files in the Baltimore suburb of Catonsville. But first they would need some symbolic fire. So they made themselves some napalm, and got ready for the first immolation of government property—and one which would provide Dan, the poet, with the plot for his play, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine.*

I do not intend to review this *Trial* except to note that the irrefragable critic John Simon lost his balance when he went to the Theater of the Good Shepherd-Faith Church where the play is showing and wept at the thought of dumb New Yorkers lining up before the box office of *No, No, Nanette,* when they could be spending their time more profitably weeping at the plight of the saintly Brothers Berrigan. "They should be canonized," Simon the ecclesiast concluded. And in the handsome program notes given out to the paying parishioners, the author wrote: "This is Father Daniel Berrigan, your underground playwright, speaking." (He wrote the play while on the lam from the pigs, to employ the jargon of the underground to which the "underground playwright" is much attracted.)

The real trial revolved around the rather mundane charge by the government that Fathers Phil and Dan Berrigan with seven others (David Darst, a Christian Brother, since dead in a car accident; Thomas Melville, a former priest of the Maryknoll order who had once been involved in some gun-running in Guatemala; Marjorie Melville, a former Maryknoll nun, as pretty as a picture who makes a cute impression on late-night television talk shows when she tells how she aided in the "liberation" efforts; George Mische, a rugged Catholic layman; Mary Moylan, registered nurse, also devoted to the faith; John Hogan, a former Maryknoll brother—everything about this order seems to be identified as "former," it seems; and Tom Lewis, described as a Catholic civil-rights activist) did break and enter into the premises of the Catonsville, Maryland Selective Service center, and while there did extract some 378 draft files and did pack them into wire baskets and burn them with homemade napalm, and in the process did cause some small injury to a clerk trying to protect said draft files.

The Berrigans suddenly decided to emulate the Weathermen (now known as the Weatherpeople, in deference to the wishes of Women's Lib) and go into hiding. Soon there rose up a mighty toothache of a howl about the persecution of the holy Fathers Berrigan. But the despised G-men—"the keystone cops," Father William Van Etten Casey, S. J., of Holy Cross, calls them in mild derision—tracked them down. On April 23, Philip was picked up in Chicago, and four months later, on August 11, 1970, Dan was captured on Block Island. At this writing they are both in prison in Danbury, Connecticut.

Romantic or Impartial?

But in the days when Dan was giving the unhappy FBI a merry chase, he engaged in a "dialogue" with Dr. Robert Coles, a Harvard psychiatrist, some of which has been chiseled into the agony columns of the *New York Review of Books.* And, though Dan has taken a vow of poverty, each took out a copyright in his own name. (One never can tell when such "dialogues" will pay off.) The second in this series of confabulations must engage our attention for a moment to get a better insight into Dan, the more poetic of the brothers; the more sensitive and better educated of the two (if 32 years in the Jesuit order is any criterion)—the more intellectual of the sanguinary priests.

In the issue dated March 25, 1971, the *New York Review of Books* continues a discussion begun the previous July, in which Dr. Coles and Father Berrigan S.J. talk on and on for thousands of words. The mind is numbed as they divest themselves of profound banalities—on and on and on—and suddenly you give a start. At least I did. It seems that after what must have been some ten thousand words, Father Dan was telling of his wondrous experience in Hanoi. My mind tried to conjure up a parallel, any parallel, to describe the enormity of it. The memory of the Dean of Canterbury visiting purge-ridden and atheist Russia in the 1930s and

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later telling us how there—there!—he found the "true spirit of Christianity," is not enough. It was as if a Jew—any Jew—had visited Berlin after the infamous *Kristalnacht* when synagogues were burned throughout the city and the future terror facing his co-religionists had been made manifest in the fires that spread through the night, and had told how he was impressed with the spiritual might of the Third Reich! But let Dan Berrigan tell in his own words what he saw—and how he felt—in the city of Ho in North Vietnam in the year of Our Lord 1968:

> I have to contrast what we have been talking about with the atmosphere in Hanoi. In a way I didn't really understand what I had seen until I came home to America. . . . The simplest way I can put the difference is that in North Vietnam it was obvious every single day that a revolution was occurring: At the very deepest roots of human life new energies were being structured, whether in education or in law or in the church. One was not fighting, as in our South for the smallest gains—and fighting against the wishes of a "comfortable majority." The entire North Vietnamese people were threatened with extinction by the kind of war we were waging against them. . . . For them it seemed that the horror of their fate was on the periphery of their consciousness. . . . They felt strongly exhilarated. Even though the bombs fell, as they did constantly while I was there, fell on housing developments, with people killed before our eyes . . . still the people went on about their business; as if to say: We can outlast the Americans, because we are building with what we're doing.

At this point, Dr. Coles looked up startled—it seemed even too much for him—and asked, incredulously: "You're not romanticizing?" To which the good Father responded, "I'm trying to be fair about what I saw."

Imposed Conversion

He apparently did not see—nor did he hear—that when the Vietnamese run, they go in the direction of the hated South, not to his precious and spiritual North. He did not see (nor did anyone tell him, it seems) that a million Catholics had fled to *our* South because they did not appreciate that Ho had in mind for *their* "church" and *their* "law," because they did not want to participate — further — in "building something terribly important." All they knew was it was "terrible" indeed—and they fled to safety in the South where the American commitment was to see to it—horror of horrors!—that they would at least be allowed to choose a government of their own making in relatively free elections, but freer, a thousand times freer, than those in the monolithic land which so infatuated good Father Berrigan S.J., who loves humanity in the abstract, but actually wants for mankind the kind of regime that will guarantee instant redemption of the pledge of privation the Berrigans have made to their followers. Says Mrs. Gray: "They [the Berrigans] are sworn to poverty by their religious orders, and a conversion to poverty is perhaps the only conversion they desire to impose on mankind." "Impose" is the word—the deadly word. The word that kills.

Says Dan Berrigan: "The Christians under Marxism have returned to their pre-Constantine situation of being poor, pure and persecuted, and leading the life which I believe God had desired for the Church. . . . What a great feeling, to be in a country where there is no head of state going to church on Sunday and corrupting it." Ah, he seems to be saying, if only we were all impoverished as they are in Russia, in Poland, in Cuba—in North Vietnam. Ah, if only we were really persecuted, but this lousy and rich and filthy and bourgeois land offers very little by way of genuine poverty and misery, not even true persecution with or without J. Edgar Hoover, what with such pious witnesses to the true faith as Leonard Boudin and William Kunstler around to handle the court proceedings and to set one dreadfully free. How vulgar!

Now when Susan Sontag visits North Vietnam and finds there all the ethical values she needs to hate herself, she does so as one who has turned on her faith, her civilization. The only fault she found in Ho-Land was that the North Vietnamese did not "hate" enough. But they did commit atrocities as the one at Dak Son where they murdered the village population, after which they burned down the huts of the Montagnards who had only primitive bows and arrows and wooden spears to defend themselves against the "pure" and heavily armed marauders from Father Dan's "wondrous" North bringing fire and instant death to a defenseless people. And in Hué, Ho's freedom fighters mangled the bodies of 7,500 terrible South Vietnamese who committed the crime of not being infatuated with North Vietnam the way Father Dan Berrigan S.J. was—and is. And if it should come about that the Father's "enemy" is defeated in Southeast Asia or is forced into a precipitate withdrawal, he can be sure that at least one million of his co-religionists will be slaughtered because they are on a North Vietnamese extermination list prepared for just such exigencies. Ah, but they'll be in heaven, catapulted there in haste, by a "higher" law, Father Dan would probably say.

I'm not sure, but this gnawing passion to bring about the preconditions of a pre-Constantine Christianity, coupled with pious references to a "higher law," smacks to me of a kind of antinomianism that is an ancient Christian heresy. ("My conscience orders me to obey a higher court than this one," Sister Jogues Egan told Guy Goodwin, the federal prosecutor at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.) Among Jews it is known as the Pauline heresy probably because of Paul's *Omnia mihi licent*. Yet, despite millennia of persecution in the lands of their exile, and so long as they were protected in their faith, Jews could say with Rabbi Haninah (in the Talmud): "Pray for the welfare of the commonwealth, since but for the fear thereof men would swallow each other alive." Nevertheless, I am trying to avoid theological intrusions into this discussion of the Berrigans and what makes them *attract* the kind of support that they do, not what makes them *behave* the way they do.

'Nonviolent Destruction'

The problem of the Catholic Left, as Castro had warned, is even more of a threat to American society than is the Communist Party and needs special attention—from within the Church, preferably. But it cannot be answered by attacks from the fanatical Right—"They're a bunch of dirty Reds"—nor by opening a dialogue with Marxism. The temptation to take on the secular dialecticians is awfully attractive to some intellectuals in the Church. But the last time the Vatican tried it the Church lost. Father Ivan Illich had gone to Rome to answer charges of radicalism directed at him by his superiors in the New York Chancery. Apparently the man who interrogated him was no match for the intellectual facing him—a man who speaks eleven languages and who knows more about dialectical disputation than most men

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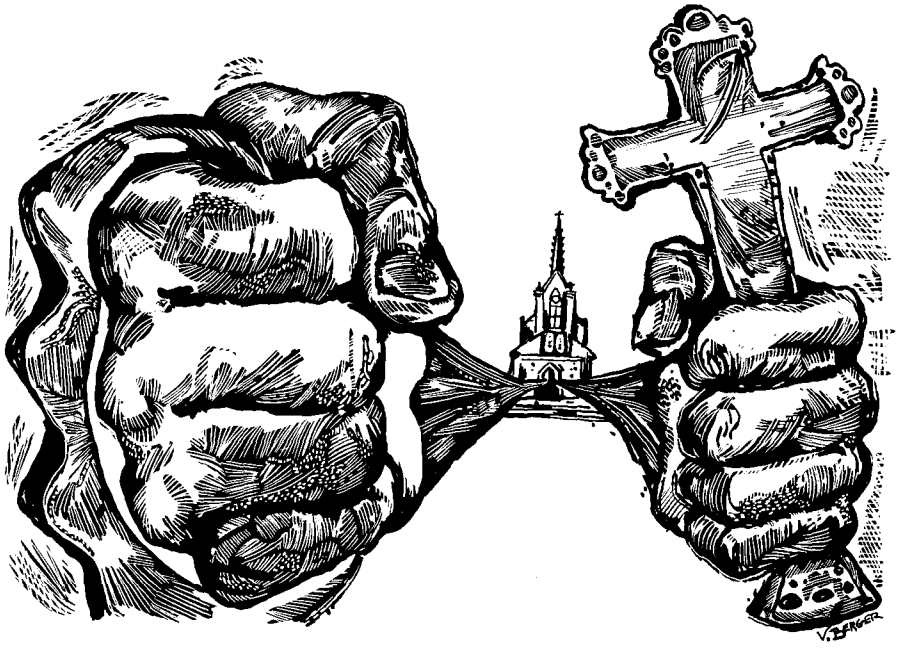
in—or out of—the Church. Soon his "inquisitor" was fired, and *Father* Illich came back as *Monsignor* Illich, after which he departed for Mexico where he opened his "de-Yankeefication" center in Cuernavaca, and from which has spread the doctrine that *the revolution is all.* Says Illich: "The United States breeds violence by imposing its values on other nations," adding, "only God can create values." And through his teachings, a "martyr" like guerrilla-priest Camillo Torres of Columbia is a hero to millions in Latin America where his name is coupled with the dead Carlos Marighela who taught the strategy of urban guerrilla warfare—including kidnaping and bombing and the like.

Says Fidel Castro: "Compared to the Communists, the radical Catholic priests are as far to the left of them as the Communists are from the rest of society." And even when they seem to sound like conservatives—upholding priestly celibacy, the way Illich and Phil Berrigan do—it is because the Revolution frowns on the Benedict almost as much as the Pope. On this score, Francine Gray informs, "Illich is for playing the rules of the game, and for adhering to the Pope's edict on compulsory celibacy. It is a somewhat Leninist logic: the worse things get, the better for the revolution."

They want a revolution—now! Comes the revolution, these fanatics of painful purity say, you'll have poverty—and like it. But here they are not to be faulted. At least they are not promising pie in the sky, only the bread of affliction.

Alliteration comes easy when contemplating the Berrigans. They have been variously described as "Bright, Brilliant, Beautiful, Big, Basic, Bountiful, Benign and Brutal." Phil the Josephite follows Dan the Jesuit as do almost all those engaged in their bloodlettings and burnings and sundry mayhem. With all this they are happily described as being "nonviolent." And even that linguistically circumspect biographer of the radical clergy, Francine du Plessix Gray, that strange new daughter of the Church—and of Sascha and Tatiana Liberman—speaks of "nonviolent destruction," which is nice work if you can get it. How *do* you destroy things nonviolently?



Webster's defines violence as: "Broadly, exertion of any physical force considered with reference to its effects on another than the agent, as in effecting an entrance into a house in burglary; sometimes, the overcoming or prevention of resistance by threats of violence." Also, "Profanation, infringement; outrage, assault." Also, "Strength of energy actively displayed or exerted; vehement, forcible or destructive action; force."

Now on all these counts the Berrigans (and their cohorts) are guilty. They used "energy" and "effected an entrance" and seized property not their own ("burglary") and caused and committed "profanation, outrage, assault." And in the process "destroyed" by "force" that which was not theirs to destroy, and even caused "injury" to at least one human being. But if people are harmed or "destroyed," the new prophets of nonviolence stand ready to provide future vindication, as is done in the Soviet Union when a dead scapegoat is rehabilitated. What they say, in sum, is that bourgeois property—the property of the government—is to be destroyed. Only revolutionary property—as in Hanoi—is sacred.

The Conspiracy

One of those indicted in the alleged conspiracy to kidnap Henry A. Kissinger and to destroy the capital's heating systems remarked reverently that he hoped to "contribute thereby to the overthrow of the government of the United States." And even on the Catholic Right, where the call from on high is also heard these days, one reads in *Triumph*, that its editors have declared war on Uncle Sam. Which seems to indicate that the crisis in the Church and in society runs deep. Too deep to be brushed aside as a minor brushfire, yet not so widespread that it cannot be coped with before the fire really gets out of control.

After all, in much of this radical posturing one senses—especially in the Berrigans—more the spirit of Elmer Gantry than Saint Francis. Even Elmer was not all charlatan. He was in many instances sincerely dedicated to his calling. It was his style, his technique, that repelled his creator, the atheist Sinclair Lewis. And, while one shouldn't quarrel too much with the means employed to gather the faithful to the fold, the ends do tend to be fouled by the means—even the Fathers Berrigan should know *that*! No, it is not the dedication nor even the radical style of the Berrigans that is disturbing; it is the fact that in their quest for redemption *everything is permissible.* In this, warns Camus, lies embedded a totalitarian principle. It is for this, too, that they find so much delight in the cruel and heartless one-party states that crush the bodies of men because they do not believe in their souls.

Thus when the Berrigans are accused of heading up a conspiracy to destroy property and to kidnap a high Administration official, it is possible that they could be guilty of the deed and to have participated in such a conspiracy. The question is: Did they? I do not know—and we may never know, for the reason

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that the government may be well advised—on the principle that it is no virtue to be right at the wrong time—to let the matter drop.

Why the need for such a conspiracy —that may not exist? Why the need for an East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives —which does exist? Why the need of conspiracies in a land amply blessed with so much due process it is crawling out of our courts to a degree which has almost crippled them in the performance of their sworn duties to protect the peaceable citizen and to further the national tranquility? But it is just that —the disturbance of the civil peace— that the various undergrounds, clerical and lay, are dedicated to. They hate the war in Southeast Asia, the South Vietnamese, the President, his Administration—and all America. A victory for the enemy would give them infinite delight, it seems. And the distaff members of this Movement—the nuns and ex-nuns—speak of their experiences in terms of ecstacy, as if drugged. "It makes a good feeling in my head," one said, while another added, "Wow! Even as I say it I feel inside what I felt when I was tearing up those draft cards," (has opium become the religion of the dissident clericals?).

Is There a Case?

We are now into 1971 (as the members of the underground put it), when on January 15, a federal grand jury in Harrisburg, handed down indictments charging Father Phil Berrigan—"he is the only white man who knows where it's at," says Stokely Carmichael—and five others (Father Joseph Wenderoth, Father Neil McLoughlin, Anthony Scoblick, a Jesuit, Sister Elizabeth McAlister, and Eqbal Ahmed, a Mohammedan among the Christians) with a plot to kidnap Kissinger and to blow up the Washington conduits. Soon, following the numerical pattern that stamps a Berrigan caper, it was dubbed the case of the Harrisburg Six. And soon a battery of lawyers was hired (or volunteered) to defend the holy terrorists. The legal team is headed up by Leonard Boudin, William Kunstler and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. But before the grand jury was convened in Harrisburg, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, testifying at what he thought was a closed session of a Senate Appropriations subcommittee, had told about the conspiracy and the alleged complicity in it of the Fathers Berrigan.

Soon the story leaked to the press—a hasty jury impaneled, an indictment procured, and it looks at this writing (in mid-April 1971) that we're in for a new department chief in the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is still just possible that the case will never come to trial. And if it does, it is likely that there will be no convictions, not only because conspiracy cases are unwelcome in the appellate resorts, but because no jury in America—today—will be found to convict men and women of the cloth; men and women who will raise their eyes to heaven and intone, "We obey only the will of God. We obey a higher court than the Pentagon." Or (and) they will get on their knees in unison and pray for judge and jury and for all the iniquitous land. All, that is, except Eqbal Ahmed, whom the press first demoted to student status in order to elicit for him a bit of extra sympathy, but who turned out to be a forty-year-old instructor in Third World Revolutionary strategy at the Adlai Stevenson Institute in Chicago. Today, the *Times* refers to him as a "Pakistani scholar," to add a bit of glamor to his identity.

To continue: How will the prosecution get a jury of *their* peers to convict them? Will the judge demand, "No prayers in court"? Will he ban invoking the name of the Lord? Will the prosecution demand an all-atheist jury? No doubt the atheist defense lawyers will attend Mass now and then to make a point.

Further, the fact that the principal victim of the alleged kidnaping invited three of the named co-conspirators to his chambers in the White House for an amiable rap session, a meeting from which they emerged mocking the whole affair *and* Mr. Kissinger, bodes ill for the prosecution. Even if the government has an iron-clad case—and from what I have been able to discover it has not—it would still be a doubtful value to supply the men in holy search of cheap martyrdom with a framework and pulpit from which to play out their roles as revolutionary men of God. True, in Catonsville and elsewhere, they were tried and convicted, but then they courted arrest, playing—at best—to small audiences. Their cause had not yet hardened into a firm revolutionary line which may be defined as a variety of Leninist Catholicism. It must be borne in mind that these men, especially the Berrigans and their closest supporters in and out of the underground, are dedicated revolutionaries—and they want their revolution, now!

Finally, a word in conclusion from Mrs. Gray who knows them intimately and well:

"The Berrigans, like all revolutionaries and most martyrs, have little faith in the redeeming power of time. Their theology is Apocalyptic. The Berrigans see the Second Coming—either Man's perfectibility or his destruction—as imminent in their own lifetime."

The point being they'll take either—"Man's perfectibility *or* his destruction," *ora pro nobis.* □

All in a Day's Work for Larry

WASHINGTON (Special to *NR*)—President Nixon posed at the White House at 10:30 A.M. today with the March of Dimes poster child. After a picture-taking session, the President, with the child at his side, made a few remarks on the need of funds for the March of Dimes.

WASHINGTON (Special to *NR*)—The Office of Lawrence O'Brien, National Democratic Committee Chairman, released the following statement at 10:45 this morning: "President Nixon, in his latest talk, has once again ignored the basic needs of the American people. In what sense can this message accurately be billed as an objective report? And how can Mr. Nixon lend his unqualified support to an organization with a name so blatantly militaristic as the "March of Dimes"? And how can he reconcile his remarks today on birth defects with the $100 million he has demanded to find a cure for *cancer*? When is the President going to establish our priorities in this area? Surely, this is one more example of the President's cynical duplicity, and I believe that the American people are tired of this kind of leadership from their chief executive. Thus I am more firmly convinced than ever that President Nixon can and will be soundly defeated in 1972."

ROBERT C. KEATING

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LETTER FROM RICHMOND

The Year of the Bus

ROBERT G. HOLLAND

THIS IS the Year of the Bus in the old capital of the Confederacy, the year thousands of Richmond schoolchildren are being taken for rides in quest of racial balance. But if results are measured against objectives, it may turn out to be the Year of the Bust.

Desegregation—not to be confused with integration—arrived in Richmond ten years ago. It came quietly, without bricks thrown or buses overturned or classrooms disrupted. Under freedom of choice it increased steadily year by year until, in 1969, the smallest proportion of Negro students in any Richmond school was 4 per cent. The "white only" school, then, had gone the way of trolley cars and 5 cent ice-cream cones. But because the majority of Richmond's school-age children are black, there are naturally large Negro residential concentrations, and hence some heavily black schools. And the judiciary has decided, neighborhoods or no, that there must be "no black schools, no white schools, just schools." No school may be "racially identifiable." The system must be "unitary." Strike the balance and free will be hanged!

And so, last fall, a U.S. District Court judge ordered cross-city shipments of thirteen thousand Richmond secondary students, some of whom were transferred from schools in far West End middle- to upper-class neighborhoods to the far East End, where Negroes constitute 95 per cent of the population. Some complying pupils were obliged to ride Virginia Transit Company (VTC) buses for more than two hours a day, including transfers, to fill out the judge's balance sheet. But there was the rub. Those racial percentages so neatly mapped on the bus routes simply did not materialize. The Richmond school administration had expected its fifty thousand pupil enrollment to be 60 per cent black, 40 per cent white, the balance having been improved from a 70 to 30 ratio by annexation of a predominantly white suburban area a year earlier. But when the buses started rolling, 3,500 white pupils were not to be found. What the administrators got was a mix of 64-36, and an exodus of whites triple the normal annual resegregation rate. The school system, under compulsory busing, was becoming more "racially identifiable" than it would have been under continued voluntary desegregation. True to the egalitarian's dream, the system was becoming "unitary"—all black. More of the same is promised in September when the Richmond schools have been ordered to bus 21,000 pupils, including elementary youngsters for the first time, back and forth across the city. Last week's Supreme Court decisions mean that order will stand.

WHERE DID THE MISSING students go? Those who could afford it opted out. Some who couldn't, dropped out. Motives for leaving are mixed. Racial consciousness only partly explains the revulsion for busing felt by Richmonders, who have justifiably prided themselves on racial moderation during the past fifteen years. Some parents simply object—there having been no referendum or even a free decision by their school board on busing—to being compelled to put their children on a bus that passes several schools in their own neighborhoods en route to schools on the other side of a bustling business district. And this objection is shared by many Negroes. At a Richmond City Council hearing in August, nine of eleven Negro speakers opposed mandatory busing of their children. The two favoring busing represented the NAACP. Some Negro parents say they will defy the recent court order that would extend the busing program to the elementary schools in September. One city councilman's poll indicates 99 per cent of the whites oppose mandatory busing as do 85 per cent of the blacks.

Resistance has taken the form of some rather ingenious bus dodging. Some case histories: a girl who lives in a silk-stocking West End area, assigned to a Negro ghetto school on the far side of the city, rents an apartment in her father's name in a neighborhood zoned to her old school and lives at home; a blue-collar worker with two school-age daughters has a married daughter living in suburban Chesterfield County, next door to Richmond. Father and daughter simply switched homes and the younger girls now attend schools in Chesterfield, 92 per cent white.

Other families forswear the idiocy of busing in more conventional ways, either by selling their homes and moving elsewhere, or by enrolling their children in private schools. These flights and shifts seriously undermine not only the stability of the Richmond public-school system, always highly rated, but also of the city itself. No one welcomes this, nor does anyone enjoy the spectacle of the school board hiring private security guards to patrol the schools because of the tensions generated by busing. No one likes the vandalizing of VTC buses by certain thugs among the forced passengers; the uncovering of caches of revolvers, razors, knives and sawed-off shotguns in heretofore peaceful schools; the shakedowns and sluggings of pupils and teachers; and the gunshots that narrowly missed two security guards. Such are problems that Southerners have normally associated with education "up Nawth." A local juvenile court judge was moved by the alarming increase in hooliganism to declare the state's compulsory attendance law unconstitutionally vague and, hence, unenforceable; in the absence of legislative guidance to the contrary, he felt that a "conscientious objection" provision could reasonably apply to families fearful of the potentially harmful impact of disrupted public schools on their children.

This is not to suggest that obituaries should be written for Richmond's public schools—yet. There exists a reservoir of public support for public education in a city that has been proud of its schools. Parents are volunteering their services as tutors. Interest is being expressed in setting up model schools and in stressing individualized instruction within a diversified curriculum to meet the widely divergent learning needs resulting from the socio-economic hodgepodge busing brings. If the judiciary will just leave the elementary

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A UNITARIAN VIEW

Reform of abortion laws may be in order, the author says, but by no means should they be repealed. For that way, he says, lie euthanasia, genetic controls and, incidentally, an end to civilized society

Abortion and the Pluralist Society

CHARLES F. MAGISTRO

Laws prohibiting abortion are being challenged in every part of the country. At this writing, twelve states have liberalized their abortion laws, and three states, New York, Hawaii and Alaska, have eliminated them altogether. The only resistance seems to be a half-hearted protest from the Roman Catholic Church. Catholicism is hostile to abortion because it strikes at the very heart of its faith. For a Catholic, deliberately to abort a fetus is to violate the Fifth Commandment: Thou shalt not kill. The legalization of abortion is, to the Catholic mind, the legalization of murder. But this argument is unconvincing to anyone who denies the divine origin of life.

Those who seek the repeal of abortion laws argue that such laws violate the right of women to decide their own futures, and that repeal would in no way violate the conscience of those who, for moral or religious reasons, regard abortion with abhorrence. This view is predicated upon the assumption that law, in a pluralist society, should be ethically neutral. Richard Cardinal Cushing concurs: Catholics "do not need the support of the civil law to be faithful to their own religious convictions and they do not seek to impose by law their moral view on other members of society."

However, a case for the retention of abortion laws (not necessarily in their present form) can be made without appealing to religious dogma or ecclesiastical authority. In outline: laws against abortion underpin the essential respect or reverence for life; their abolition would undermine the standards that make civilization possible; the retention of such laws, therefore, is as much a practical necessity as a divine imperative.

The abortion controversy is, ultimately, a metaphysical controversy. It is a metaphysical controversy because abortion laws can be neither defended nor denounced without assuming a doctrine of man, in which the definitions of community, justice and civility are grounded. It is possible, consequently, to understand the dispute over abortion in terms of the perennial battle between rationalism and voluntarism.

The rationalist assumes that reason is the best judge of the right, the good, the possible; he assumes, further, that reason, in and of itself, is sufficient for happiness and progress. For him, tragedy results from miscalculation and evil from error. Anger and lust, greed and envy, pride and self-interest are malfunctions of the intellect.

The voluntarist, on the other hand, has always insisted on the primacy of will over intellect. Man's will is responsible for what he affirms and denies, accepts and rejects, preserves and destroys. His will determines his affections (what he loves) and his affections determine his use of reason. Thus it is that the mind can fabricate a rational argument (rationalization) to justify the affections of the will (self-interest). ". . . A man hears what he wants to hear/And disregards the rest."

Voluntarism, as taught by Saint Augustine, has been reconceptualized by Paul Tillich, the great twentieth-century theologian. "Faith," Tillich tells us, "is the state of being ultimately concerned"; and to be is to be in this state. For to be is to have a concern whose primacy is beyond dispute and whose function it is to give coherence and continuity to life. In short, no man is without a faith. This is as true of societies as it is of individuals. No society is without a faith, a basic allegiance, a fundamental commitment. Cultural forms are, after all, manifestations of "ultimate concern." Thus, a nation's "style" is indicative of the gods it worships.

The Old Testament Prophets were forever rebuking the Hebrews for betraying their covenant with Yahweh and worshiping false gods. For them, an idolater is one who gives his "ultimate concern" to that which is less than ultimate, who regards as infinite and eternal that which is finite and transitory. They were, therefore, uncompromising adversaries of those who worshiped "the gods of soil and blood, of family, tribe and nation." In other words, the Prophets took the First Commandment seriously.

We, to be sure, like the Hebrews before us, do not. And the gods of our

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idolatry were the gods of theirs: nation and ideology, affluence and power, status and prestige. But we, unlike them, have no Samuel or Jeremiah or Ezekiel to protest against our graven faith. As a society, we deny that there are eternal verities, absolutes to which we must conform and by which we are judged. We insist on making believe that we can be all things, do all things, achieve all things. We do not see, as Plato did so long ago, that the purpose of law is to reduce the arbitrary to minimum; and we do not see, because of the nominalist temper of our time, that the viability of the commonweal depends upon common allegiance to common values. The result: our experience of the holy is distorted and the prophets are silent in the face of our idolatry.

Society and Well-Being

A mark of the civilized man is humaneness. To be humane is to be commited to the primacy of love, benevolence and justice in human affairs. A civilized people is, above all, a magnanimous people. Hence, it is not surprising that many critics of existing abortion laws base their criticism on humanitarian considerations. They are, understandably, moved by the suffering caused by unwanted pregnancies. The frequency of illegal abortion, the large number of children born mentally or physically retarded, the inability of many parents to support an "extra" child, the threat that "unplanned" children pose to the "mental health" of an ever-increasing number of women, and the deprivation (emotional, psychological, spiritual and physical) suffered by those children who, because they were not wanted, are resented, have convinced many feeling people that existing abortion laws are detrimental to our social well-being.

Now proponents of abortion laws, no less than opponents, are concerned with human well-being, and will defend such laws as in the best interest of society. The question here is: Why? It is undeniable that abortion laws, as they presently exist, cause unnecessary suffering. In my judgment it is also clear that *reform* of abortion laws would promote the general welfare. But, as the voluntarist sees it, to *abolish* all laws pertaining to abortion is tantamount to denying the sacred character of life. Law, which has an educative function, is an expression of the ultimate concern of a people. It objectifies what society reveres. Thus it is that all judicial systems are products of faith.

Several things follow from this. First, to deny that a healthy mother has the right to abort a healthy fetus is to deny that one has the right to subordinate life to things. A mother who resents her child or whose "mental health" (a concept that can be used to justify almost anything) is threatened by an unwanted pregnancy is a mother whose ultimate concern is for that which is less than ultimate, whose perception of the holy is distorted. The voluntarist argues, therefore, that "mental" suffering is caused by bad faith, that faith is the essence of law, and that specific precepts must reflect moral maxims. Hence he rejects the sophism that the decision to terminate a pregnancy is a personal one.

The second point is a dimension of the first. The protagonists in the abortion controversy represent opposing views of the world and opposing conceptions of life's meaning. Those who argue for the retention of abortion laws believe that man is free to choose for or against the ground of his being, that his life is a testimony to his choice, and that he is responsible for the consequences of his decision. Those who argue for the repeal of abortion laws believe (explicitly or implicitly) that the range of man's choice is infinite, that the merit of a value is its utility, and that one need not reap what one sows.

To illustrate: the voluntarist knows that nature will not allow herself to be abused and that man will pay dearly for his prostitution of her gifts; the rationalist, on the other hand, presumes that the conceivable is permissible and that man's conceptual power is unlimited. He has, accordingly, raped the earth's environment, methodically extending the borders of the Wasteland. And now he is asking us to violate the moral law as we have violated the natural law. He does not see that ecology includes man; he does not see that there are some existential predicaments (e.g., an unwanted pregnancy) from which man cannot extricate himself; and he does not see that rationalism and right thinking are not synonymous. If we are similarly deceived, if we fail to understand that spiritual agony is the price of idolatry, the future of the species is bleak indeed.

Point three: the legalization of abortion establishes a precedent for legally murdering the aged, the retarded and the uncurably ill; and it provides adequate justification for eliminating the mental incompetents, the psychic cripples and the moral deviants. The arguments for abortion and euthanasia are the same. Once deny the sanctity of life and it matters little whom you kill. This insight has been pointed out time and again by defenders of abortion laws. But for some unfathomable reason it has often been ignored by politicians, doctors and the general public.

A value cannot be compartmentalized. It is, as it were, part of a Gestalt of values, indicative of a mind-set, of fundamental assumptions about reality. Hitler's Germany is illustrative of this fact. The "Final Solution to the Jewish Problem" was preceded by the systematic elimination of mental retardates and gypsies. Human beings were sacrificed, as to gods of old, on an altar fashioned out of the primitive lusts of the species. Thus is it that men are victimized when their essential humanity is denied. And such denials, in point of fact, proceed from a loss of faith in the sacred character of life.

A society that permits abortion-on-demand is a society that has lost its faith in the sacred character of life. Its practice of "fetal euthanasia," its willingness to subordinate prenatal life to things, will probably result in nonfetal euthanasia, in the subordination of *all* life to things. The one, almost certainly, will follow the other. Therefore, to prohibit abortion as a means of birth control is to protect man from the beast within himself. His story testifies to his need for such protections, for it is these that preserve the delicate construct we call civilization.

The Common Good

The decision to abort an unborn fetus is considered, by those hostile to abortion laws, a woman's prerogative. That is, the decision to abort or not to abort is personal. The state has no right to force a woman to have a child she does not want. It is a decision she should make for herself, on the basis of her needs, and in accordance with her values. None need be consulted save her husband (or lover) and doctor.

We can evaluate this argument only in terms of a general view of the individual's relationship to the commu-

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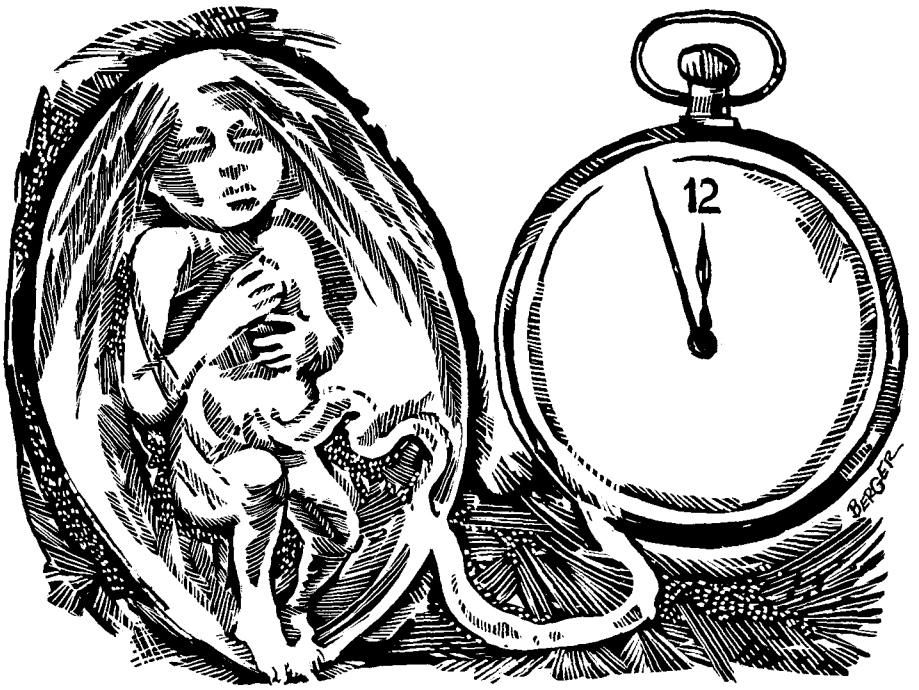
nity. What is the nature of community? What conditions make community possible? What limitations may a community impose upon its members? What is the source of human rights and privileges? Questions such as these, questions to which every theory of society addresses itself, are raised by the claim that women have complete sovereignty over their bodies.

No individual can claim a right that is incompatible with the common good. There is an intrinsic relationship between the rights of the individual and the needs of the community. True rights are natural rights; that is, rights grounded in the nature of man. As such, they are compatible with and necessary to the commonweal. Among these are included, as we recognize:



the right to existence and to the pursuit of happiness; the right to free speech and to association; the right to property and to the produce of one's labor. But even the exercise of these must be restricted to a degree depending upon the nature of the given society, its history, its traditions, its degree of maturity. For it is necessary to place limitations on individual freedom in order to preserve common freedom: a fact we express in the familiar statement that every right has a corresponding obligation.

On the other hand, we hear claims to rights which, if granted, would jeopardize the common good. But community is made possible by certain objective conditions. No one has the *right* to undermine the conditions that make civilization possible; and no community, if it seeks to survive, can acknowledge or grant the right to act so.

This is the case because, as Aristotle said, man is a social being. To say that man is a social being is to say that he is an associational being; and to say that he is an associational being is to say that he is a cooperative being. His societies are based upon covenants and his covenants are based upon his willingness to limit his personal freedom. Civilization has no meaning for those who think that every man has the right to do his "own thing."

To be sure, most men acknowledge this maxim most of the time. Only an anomist would equate freedom with the lack of compulsion. Individual identity springs from, and is sustained by, corporate identity. Thus, the former cannot long survive the death of the latter. The individual and the community are not antinomies; they are, rather, dynamically interrelated. All attempts at absolute freedom have resulted in political absolutism.

The essence of all communities is the essence of man. This is so because man's needs and possibilities and limitations are nature's decrees. It is on these that all true rights and just laws depend. Of course, man is free to resist the natural law, the law he is inclined to obey; he is free, that is, to deny his essence, to betray his ontological character, to disregard the essential order of things. Still, the natural law is not invalidated by man's ability to choose against it. Nor does the promulgation of a positive law, by the mere act of promulgation, make it just. Neither public opinion nor legislative action is an authority unto itself.

Nazis guilty of genocide were tried and convicted on the basis of this truth. They were prosecuted because their actions constituted a "crime against humanity." The fact that they were obeying the legal directives of their nation did not, indeed could not, excuse their wilful destruction of innocent life. They were morally obligated, argued the prosecutors at Nuremburg, to disobey those hideous laws that cut at the very heart of human sensibility. Or, said another way, they were obligated to judge the positive law by the natural law, by the moral law, by, if you will, God's law.

Abortion and Life

I have argued that certain objective social conditions are necessary to civilization, that one of these conditions is a commitment to the sacredness of *all* life, and that no one has the right to act in such a way as to undermine these conditions. I have stated, further, that a general decline in respect for life will be the probable result of the abolition of all laws pertaining to abortion, and that no society can survive the destruction of its moral fiber. I have, accordingly, urged the retention of abortion laws. However, I also believe that existing abortion laws are in need of reform.

In most states there is only one legal ground for abortion: to save the life of the mother. But there are other reasons, compatible with reverence for life, that justify abortion. A fetal life may rightly be terminated if it is likely to be born defective, if it is the result of an incestuous relationship or rape, if the prospective mother is too young to assume the responsibilities of motherhood, or if its birth would be likely to result in the psychic disintegration of the mother.

This is not to say that an unborn fetus does not have an inalienable right to life. It does assume, however, that a human being has the right to protect himself against threats to his existence. Those who seek the reformation, as against abolition, of existing abortion laws conceive man as something more than a machine animated by a ghost.

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LETTER FROM MEXICO

The Plot the Russians Muffed

CHARLES FOLEY

BEHIND tall, spiked railings of the Soviet embassy in Mexico —a vast villa with perfunctory inclinations toward the Baroque—the busiest spy organization in the hemisphere works 24 hours a day.

It has its long-range radio net (evinced by a frieze of rooftop aerials), its daily air link—the only one in North or South America—with Cuba. It has innumerable agents and contacts on both sides of the two thousand mile border with the United States.

This was known to all in this high, bright capital of eight million people; but since the Yanquis took it with a shrug, why should they worry? At least the 150 Russians crowded into the villa and its satellite buildings were doing no harm to Mexico.

Today, the mood has changed. With the startling discovery that this diplomatic sanctuary was being used to foment civil war in Mexico itself, the government and the country are in a state of angry shock. The top echelon of five Soviet envoys has been abruptly expelled. And a visit to the Presidential Palace left me in no doubt that the remaining 145 will also be shown the door unless they remember their duty to their hosts.

Some Americans here have wondered at the strength of this reaction: They forget, perhaps, that the Mexicans began *their* revolution—a classic bread-and-land struggle that left more than a million dead—while Lenin was still languishing in exile. Nobody feels the need for further lessons in this sphere, least of all, from the duffers of the KGB.

The plot was crude, its execution worse. A bevy of young provincial leftists, whisked to Moscow on a cultural exchange, are clandestinely taught guerrilla warfare. On their return, they take a leaf from the young Stalin's book and set out to raise a war chest through bank robberies. At the same time, they arm and train sympathizers for The Day.

One hold-up, just as successful as Stalin's famous Tiflis raid, netted $84,000. But it brought about the capture of a comrade who led police to stores of arms, explosives, documents and uniforms for the *guerrilleros*. Before long, 21 of the fifty Muscovite excursionists had been rounded up; the rest are now being sought. The revolt ended before it had begun.

No other result could, surely, have been foreseen in a country so little moved by revolution à la mode. Stable and prospering, most of its fifty million people are content with the newly elected government of middle-of-the-road President Echeverria. It is hardly surpising that observers attuned to the niceties of long-range subversion question why Comrade Brezhnev and his friends should plunge into such a hair-brained scheme. Can it be that they did not know what certain esoteric agencies were doing; or, knowing it, that they were afraid to interfere?

According to confessions now flowing from the imprisoned leftists, Moscow proceeded with habitual caution. On arrival at the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University, the young Mexicans found themselves in an intoxicating Third World ambiance of Africans and Asians, Brazilians, Colombians and Paraguayans. Marxist studies swiftly palled, but their Soviet tutors seemed curiously obtuse to hints of the kind of action which the more activist students had in mind.

Guidance was eventually provided by some of their companions. They were promised a better hearing by the North Koreans—missionaries from a fervent, first-generation Communist caucus who would jump at the chance of upsetting capitalistic applecarts. Fabricio Souza, plump, 32-year-old leader of the Mexican expatriates, made the first contact. Warned off the North Korean embassy in Moscow, he called at its less conspicuous counterpart in East Berlin, and left with a ticket to Pyongyang.

"I arrived in North Korea in October 1968," he says, "and stayed three weeks, talking to top-level officials. They accepted my ideas and gave me $10,000 to bring over the first party."

In January, ten of Souza's followers traveled to Berlin, were given North Korean passports, took a train back to Moscow and then flew on by Aeroflot, the Soviet national airline, to Pyongyang. They were taken to a military base 25 miles outside the capital. There, in one of a network of training camps, containing delegations from several Latin American countries, they went through a six-month course in sabotage, unarmed combat and secret communications. Mimic raids were made on regular North Korean units.

The first group returned to Mexico via Moscow in the fall of 1969. Two further bands of twenty or more each replaced them. Some of these visitors were still returning last month as Mexican police unravelled the plot. Once home, the Korean trainees set up ten recruiting centers in various parts of the country and set out to organize their wave of bank robberies.

Fabricio Souza and the rest were on show last week in the city's Lecumberri Prison, where an informal press conference was held. Still confident of final victory, Souza accepted a cigarette and agreed that he might have started another Vietnam in his own country had his scheme succeeded. "So what? The worse the trouble here, the more American pressure will be eased on socialist countries elsewhere."

HIS PLAN WAS TO WORK from the edges, Castro-style. It would start with the peasants in the hinterland. Then workers and students would be drawn in. Souza denied that Tupamaros-type kidnaping and killings were intended, but other members of the group boasted that their comrades still at large would hit back at the government with reprisals. Wishful thinking, perhaps; at all events, they had their lesson pat. Smiling through bars, Alejandro Murillo, 25, said their first act on taking power would be to liquidate "rats like Ruiz"—Francesco Ruiz, the informer in their ranks.

For Mexico's energetic new President Luis Echeverria Alvarez, the Communist blunder has been a political windfall. Only a few months ago, on his White House visit, he was assuring Mr. Nixon that the way to counter Communism south of the Rio Grande was to strengthen democratic institutions. Now Moscow seems to have gone out of its way to do it for him.

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Parties in and out of the government have been falling over each other to buy newspaper space for congratulations to the authorities on their vigilance. Even some of University City's rebellious students, still sore over their treatment during and since the 1968 *Olympic Games* eruption, have been constrained to join in. Hard-core radicals are cursing the plotters for playing into the government's hands.

Echeverria's hold on Mexico's brand of "guided democracy" has been immeasurably strengthened. A few days after the exposure of the plot I saw him walk under the windows of my hotel for several blocks, cheered all the way, as he headed his cabinet in a patriotic celebration. Now he is touring the country on weekends, giving reassurance and gathering plaudits as he goes.

The Russian mystery, such as it is, remains. That they knew and connived in what their Mexican protegés were doing is beyond question; foreigners do not come and go between the Communist capitals by Aeroflot without being studiously investigated. Nor are false passports with Mexican mugshots and Korean names likely to appease the Soviet appetite for *dokumenti*.

If the Kremlin did not object, it may well be that they did not wish to give the brash North Koreans, or—worse still—their Chinese neighbors, reason to denounce them. The alternatives to complicity were to feign blindness, or to tip off the Mexican authorities about the preparations in Pyongyang—a course of unimaginable integrity.

The number of Soviet diplomats expelled—five—is also the number of Mexicans manning the Mexican embassy in Moscow. Should the Russians attempt a tit-for-tat reprisal, they would empty the Mexican villa and Echeverria would reply in kind.

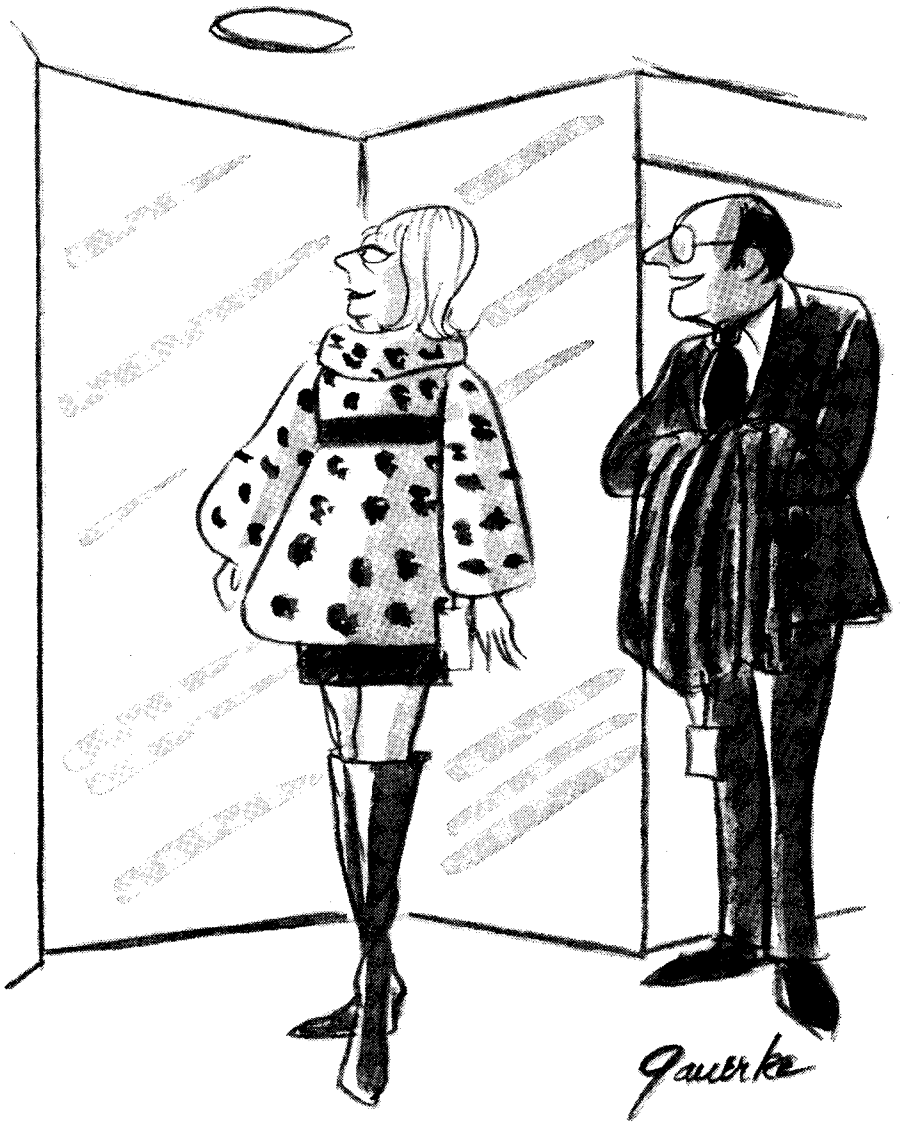
Hitherto, Mexicans have been inclined to look at the Russians as fellow-veterans who have survived their revolutionary growing pains and are too concerned with putting their own house in order to make trouble for their neighbors. Spying on the Americans came under the title of super-power rivalry. After the recent rounds of brinkmanship over Cuba, a confrontation with the U.S.A. on Mexican territory seemed to be well outside Kremlin calculations.

Since 1936, when Mexico gave asylum to Leon Trotsky, relations between the two countries have been friendly but never warm. Trotsky's murder by Stalin's emissary marked one low point; a cold-war railway strike fomented by the Russians another. But in recent years, Moscow has been so circumspect that officials did not trouble to check the Soviet selection of students under the cultural exchange. Now it is clear that it was made on any but academic grounds. Some had only two years in high school before going, all were chosen from what an official called "areas of social uneasiness."

The Russians concerned here left in sorrow rather than in anger. Chargé d'Affaires Dmitri Diakonov was reduced to waving a plastic-sheathed sombrero in emerald velvet—a giftshop improvisation—and vowing solidarity with the Mexican people from the steps of his Cuban Airways plane. His stand-in, with moist eyes, reiterated his country's "full support of the Mexican government's policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations."

One could almost believe he meant it. For the end result of doing otherwise has been to undo much of Russia's patient termite-boring into Central America, with the Panama Canal as an ultimate target. Now Mexico's experience has put the whole area on guard.

Guatemala has reconsidered a step-by-step approach to Moscow that was to have begun with a mission to Eastern Europe. Costa Rica, next to the Canal, was about to accept a Russian embassy—the first in the area; now it is having second thoughts. With the exception of Allende's Chile, all Latin America appears to be supporting Mexico's stand. □



"I look at it this way. Our species is endangered, too, and we might as well enjoy whatever time we have."

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DELECTATIONS

Play Ball!

JOHN C. SMITH

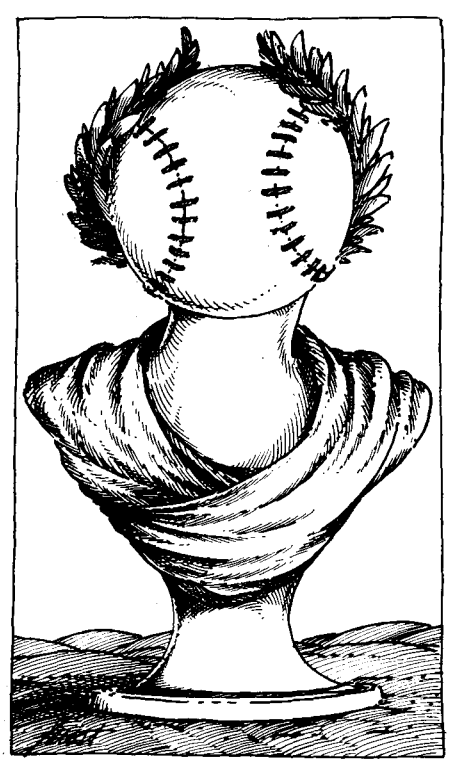
WELL, YES, it does take forever. All that standing around, the squinting and the scratching, waiting for somebody, anybody, to do something, anything. It's true what passes for thought among the players may concern some nifty stewardess, or the stock market, but no matter. Take me out to the ball game.

In big league baseball, the players live in a plastic world, set aside by their own ability. Often, they are tossed aside when their skills fade. And the season is endless. The rhythm of baseball is slow, slower, slowest, in a society that takes positive delight in speed and tension. So football and hockey, which inflame the angry passions, are successful. And anybody who thinks basketball isn't a contact sport hasn't been paying attention. But, yes, we can have a good time without watching somebody get mugged. We have been doing it now since baseball started, more than a century ago, as have the Japanese, Canadians, Dominicans, Venezuelans, Puerto Ricans and Cubans. There's even a version in Finland.

A form of baseball was played in the early nineteenth century, a derivation of cricket. The game was popular in the Northeastern United States before the Civil War. Alexander Cartwright, who first set the bases ninety feet apart, and Harry Chadwick, who wrote the first rule book in 1858, helped define the sport. A commission decided in 1908 that Abner Doubleday created the modern game, but savants debate this.

Perhaps baseball's halcyon days were in the 1920s and 1930s, when the town team, taking on all comers, flourished, as did the minor leagues. Many a hinterland ballclub survived by developing local boys and selling them to the majors. But the global village started getting smaller, and instant communications killed Ma and Pa baseball. Why watch an eighteen year old stumble around, even if he's a young Ted Williams, when you can watch the Reds and Orioles and never leave your living room? The marvelously innovative Branch Rickey devised the farm system, and the days of the minor league operator like Charlie Graham in San Francisco, who sent three DiMaggios to the bigs, were gone forever.

Today the minors exist only to refine talent. The career minor leaguer, with strong ties to the community and perhaps some tragic flaw to keep him from major league glory, is a creature of the twilight. So on one level there are changes, but the verities remain. The dogs of reform are kept strictly



leashed. Interleague play has been discussed since 1922. And yet folks in Boston and Baltimore still can't see Willie Mays. Cincinnati must wait for an all-star game or a World Series to see Frank Robinson again. Why not set the league divisions up along geographic lines—and include, somehow, Tokyo, Toronto and Mexico City? Why not make the season shorter?

An interesting minor league experiment has involved a designated hitter, a permanent batsman without fielding duties, which would keep men like Mays, Robinson and Frank Howard playing ball forever. Pitchers wouldn't have to clutter up their minds with offensive thoughts. Eventually, one supposes, this would lead to platoon baseball, with separate offensive and defensive units. The Oylers, Matchicks and Werts of the world would earn big money with their gloves, and the Strangegloves could hit. But, the purists ask, would it be baseball? And the most pure of all, the club owners, are reluctant to fiddle with the product, even if it means being made Number Two to pro football.

And yet . . . and yet.

"Such is the state of life that none are happy but by the anticipation of change. The change itself is nothing; when we have made it, the next wish is to change again." So said Samuel Johnson. In a wildly changing world, baseball is a game of continuity, of shared experience. You don't forget the winning hit, the fielding play, or the bases-loaded strikeout of your own youth. Baseball isn't just an industry, to be given devotions once a week, but a state of mind. Witness the little leagues, which satisfy adults as much as kids. To understand the American mystique, baseball must be grokked, in the manner of Robert A. Heinlein's estimable Martian, just as cricket gives us an insight into the British character. Those bases are still ninety feet apart; read into this what we will.

AND, OF COURSE, interpretations are everywhere. Jim Bouton's pensées were a big success. And Leonard Koppett wrote in the *New York Times*:

"And what a hopeful message the symbol hunters could find in a Yankee-Met World Series. Until their downfall in 1965, the Yankees were the affluent-complacent establishment incarnate, and the Mets, of course, produced the ultimate triumph of the underdog. To have both win now—the Yankees representing the resurgence of the traditional values of the Right, the Mets not yielding the recently won gains of the Left—would suggest such possibilities for conciliation in the world that no editorialist could resist the image."

It sounds like the worst confrontation since the Beamish Boy took on the Jabberwock, and the Reds and Orioles managed to spare us last year. But wait until next October. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

LET A HUNDRED FLOWERS BLOOM

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

If it were not so serious, there would be a rich element of Gilbert and Sullivan farce in the most recent chapter of American-Chinese relations. A table-tennis team, complete with purple bell-bottomed hippie, is invited to China, is decorously defeated by the Chinese, has an audience with Chou En-lai in the Great Hall of the People. Presto! President Nixon relaxes a twenty-year-old trade embargo, to say nothing of lessening a whole series of regulations directed against Communist China. The air and the press are full of rumors of impending recognition. The *New York Times* devotes massive sections of its precious space to "Chinese-American friendship," including an ineffable article on American-Chinese relations since 1784.

But the matter is serious—and not only because of the highly doubtful wisdom of steps that can only lead to strengthening the economy of a sworn enemy of the United States. It is perhaps even more serious because of the manner in which it is done, the presuppositions about international affairs that that manner reveals, and the effect upon the mood of the American people at a time when our defenses are in desperate need of strengthening. This diplomacy by table-tennis reduces matters of life and death for our country to the level of Madison Avenue public relations. As a friend of mine said: "If they'd invited the Mets or the Knicks, Heaven knows what concessions we would have made."

It may be that the Administration's reason for seeking a rapprochement with China is the legitimate one of improving the American position internationally by taking advantage of the Sino-Soviet split. But such a rapprochement, which should be entirely based on a concept of quid pro quo, need have no public manifestations. It is perfectly possible to come to understandings by secret diplomacy with countries with which we do not have diplomatic relations, and this could have been done in the present case. The publicity show can only have the effect of adding to the euphoria in the public mood that has already been created (despite the Vietnam war) by the assumptions of Soviet and Chinese "mellowing" that underlie the idea of "negotiation instead of confrontation," and by the substitution of the concept of "sufficiency" for nuclear superiority, that is, for a reliable deterrent, in our defense policy.

How far this unreal view of the world has penetrated is shown by a Gallup poll taken a short time ago. Where, in 1960, only 18 per cent thought we should reduce our expenditures on armament, 45 per cent thought we were spending about the right amount, and 21 per cent thought we were spending too little, now 50 per cent want a reduction in armament expenditures, 31 per cent think present expenditures are about right, and only 11 per cent think we are spending too little.

At a time when sharp increases in defense expenditures are of the most critical importance, if our nuclear deterrent power is not to be overwhelmed by Soviet superiority, such a mood as these figures reveal is dangerous in the extreme. It is a mood, however, that could easily be transformed by clear political leadership. The antiwar agitation is not primarily responsible for this mood. Rather it stems from a decade or more of failure on the part of the leadership of both political parties to give coherent explanations to the American people of the underlying realities of a world whose international relations are formed by the drive of the Soviet Union toward world domination. More lately, under Johnson-McNamara and Nixon-Kissinger-Laird, the same sort of fear of presenting the American people with hard realities has resulted in two successive Administrations presiding over a steady deterioration of our armed power.

It is ironic that both our military strength and American understanding of the Soviet danger have been deteriorating during a period in which we have been actively engaged in a war with Communism. This is the direct result of the false rhetoric which three Presidents —Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon—have employed in their justification of the war. Instead of basing themselves upon the essentially valid cold war rhetoric of the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations, they have tried simultaneously to conduct a war with Communism and, in Johnson's words, "build bridges" to it. They have failed to justify the war as what it objectively is, one more battle in a continuing conflict forced upon us by the Soviet Union—a protracted defense of the free world, in which Vietnam is an accidental site that could as easily have been Cuba or the Mideast. Rather, they have employed Wilsonian formulations, irrelevant to American national interests, about self-determination or guaranteeing the Vietnamese the right of free elections.

It is no wonder that the American people are confused and that the anti-war movement has made the progress it has. They will remain confused until the facts of international life in the twentieth century are once again sharply and clearly presented to them.

The classical world knew the decisive political importance of public rhetoric. It is the means by which the citizenry are persuaded for good or for ill—for good, when the rhetoric is based upon a clear view of reality and a firm moral sense. But our country today is the victim not of evil rhetoric, but of something perhaps worse—the television gimmick, the elaborate non-event, the continuing failure to speak to the sense of reality that persists among the American people. The pollution of our public discourse is a danger far greater than the pollution of our air and water. □

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Lost Nations

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The Nation Killers: The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities
By Robert Conquest
Macmillan, 222 pp., $6.95

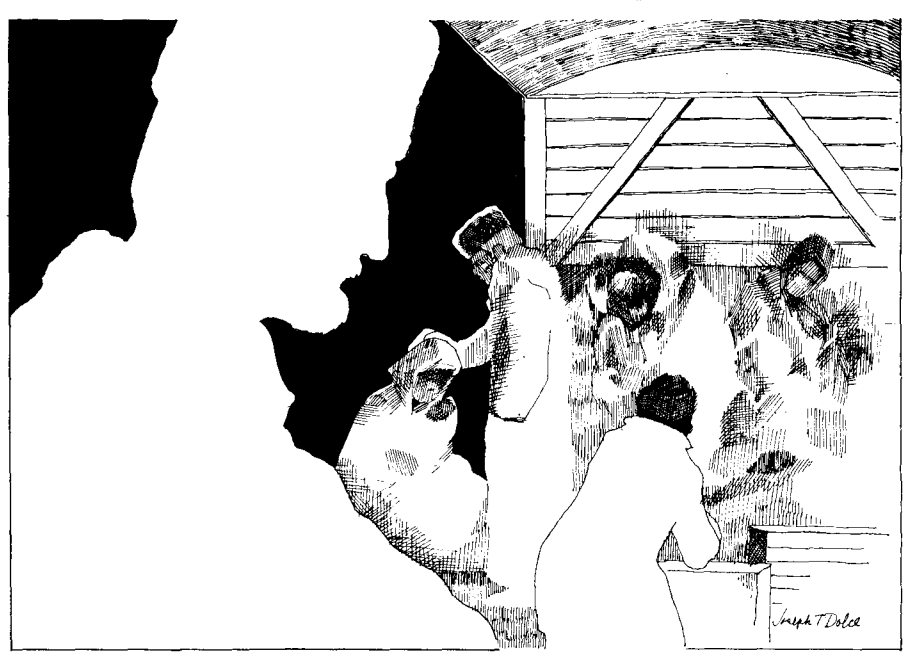
Their names are as obscure as their fate, those eight nations of the Soviet Union deported by Stalin from their homelands during World War II and sent into Siberian exile, men, women and children, regardless. They were the Volga Germans, the Karachai, the Kalmyks, the Chechen and Ingishi, the Bakans, the Crimean Tatars and the Meskhetians. Before their deportation as traitors or potential traitors—or independent nationalists, which in Stalin's eyes amounted to the same thing—they voted 99 per cent approval of the Moscow regime, and curiously enough approved it by almost the same percentage following their partial rehabilitation after Stalin's death.

The reason for the deportation is a simple one, the same reason that brought about the wholesale deportations when Stalin occupied the Baltic states, that in the more moderate days after Stalin sent Russian troops into Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Their nationalism was seen as a potential challenge to the monolithic power structure named so paradoxically the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. For seen through the red spectacles of Leninism, nationalism is only a transitory bourgeois phenomenon that may be utilized to advance the class struggle or suppressed when it becomes a hindrance.

Stalin merely carried this iron logic one step further. Anyone or any nation that opposed him, that might have been tainted by treasonous thoughts, could expect obliteration. The Volga Germans were deported in 1941, following Hitler's invasion, as a matter of prudence, with perhaps the same justification that the United States had in deporting its Japanese citizens from California to the interior after Pearl Harbor. The other seven nations were transported during 1943-44 after the tide of battle had turned. Some had been overrun by the Germans, others were close to the German forward line. The same twisted logic that Stalin applied in his brutal treatment of Russians who had been unlucky enough to have been made prisoners of war, he applied to those small nations in the German path. Either they were infected or their fate could serve as a warning. Whatever the reason, somewhere in the neighborhood of a million and a half of these unfortunate peoples were deported to the grimmer regions of Asiatic Russia. About a third of them died.

MEASURED IN THE SCALE of the immense tragedy of World War II, their fate was a secondary matter, relatively unheeded by the rest of the world. What was half a million more against the millions of others who died in the war? When one starts measuring in millions or even thousands, one no longer conceives the individual and his suffering. I remember on visiting Auschwitz my mind went blank at the enormity of what had happened there. Only when I saw that room full of baby shoes, could I feel, through tears, the restoration of my own humanity. The weakness of Robert Conquest's *The Nation Killers* is that for the most part these deported peoples remain statistics, their disappearance a graph, their partial reappearance another. It could all be demonstrated with a slide rule. Only rarely does one meet the cry from the heart, as with the deported Meskhetian who managed somehow to smuggle a letter to his relatives in Greece:

> We traveled seventeen days, exposed to cold, hunger and thirst. Many of our fellow deportees died in the trains. . . . We have been brought into the desert. There are no built-up houses. The water is not



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drinkable and many children have already died.

Yet I really cannot fault Mr. Conquest, for he has had little to work with but statistics drawn from official Soviet documents. His present book is a revision of his earlier book, *The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities*, published ten years ago. By studying and comparing various Soviet sources, as for example the two editions of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, he has been able to pinpoint the disappearance of these peoples and their partial reappearance. In the composite volume of the encyclopedia's first edition, published in 1947, there is no indication either in the text or on the maps of the abolished republics and deported peoples, even though much smaller groups such as the Assyrians and Kabardines are fully noted. For a decade after the deportations nothing was allowed to be printed in the Soviet Union about the lives or even the locations of these vanished peoples, and it was not even revealed except by implication that they had gone into exile. They had become non-peoples.

Only in 1956 when Khrushchev made his secret speech denouncing Stalin did he admit that these nations had been wronged through "monstrous acts whose initiator was Stalin." Even then he failed to mention the Volga Germans, the Crimean Tatars and the Greek-oriented Meskhetians. A partial rehabilitation followed a year later. Three nations resumed their old constitutional status within the USSR, one was downgraded for a while and then restored, and another permanently downgraded. But the Volga Germans, the Crimean Tatars and the Meskhetians, representing three-quarters of a million people, were only slowly and incompletely rehabilitated and were denied permission to return to their old lands. In the last few years the struggle of the Crimean Tatars to return to their homeland has been one of the central issues in the whole liberal resistance within the USSR to the ever-increasing Stalinization. Those who supported them—the most noted being General Grigorenko—have been arrested and exiled in turn.

MR. CONQUEST HAS PROVIDED an invaluable reference book for the history and tragic fate and partial grudging rehabilitation of these eight minorities. The study is an offshoot of his far more encompassing work, *The Great Terror*. But Mr. Conquest is a poet as well as an historian, and I for one could wish that something more of this side of him had crept in among the statistics, something of the heart-rending quality of Madame Mandelstam's memoirs. But of course he did not set out to write that kind of a book. □

The Strategy of Technology
By Stefan T. Possony and J. E. Pournelle
Dunellen, 189 pp., $7.50

NEEDED: A NEW BREED OF STRATEGIST

CHARLES BENSON

It started with the Manhattan Project and the development of radar and fire-control, was taken up by the Soviet espionage effort, threaded through the chronicles of Oppenheimer and Teller, of Sputnik I, the Missile Gap, assured destruction and damage limitation, and continues today in the furor over the SS-9 and Ballistic Missile Defense. This great technological competition is entering a new phase in that for the first time since the early Fifties, when American nuclear power was truly supreme, one of the two competitors is developing a realistic first-strike capability.

When America possessed such a capability there was a zero probability that it might be used. Our leadership had no intention of launching a first strike. If the Russians come to possess it, Socialist morality will demand that they use their advantage before it is lost.

Despite the fact that our country has spent more time and money on the effort, it is the Russians who are today gaining the first-strike advantage. Why?

Rather than seeking to answer this question by a detailed inquiry into the history of defense-related R&D, Possony and Pournelle use their combined depth of experience in defense programs to answer the question conceptually: America has lacked a strategic sense in the technological competition. Most of the decisions in our technological development programs have been made by academic scientists, or by politicians following the scientists' advice. But scientists are not strategists. The requirements of their profession inspire a deep mental bent toward thoroughness of investigation, repetition of experiments, withholding of decisions until all the data are in.

> The strategist, unlike the scientist, deals with a world of secrecy, incomplete information and real uncertainties which cannot be measured by statistical procedures. He lives in a world of intelligent opponents who seek to thwart him at every turn. . . . The strategist's primary skill is to be able to reason like the opponent and stay ahead of him, while the primary skill of the scientist is to produce and package knowledge.

POLITICALLY MOTIVATED BEHAVIOR combined with improper applications of such disciplines as systems analysis and operations research has produced such monstrous hybrids as the TFX (or F-111 or A-111). The TFX was conceived as the result of an interview between President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense McNamara on the deck of an aircraft carrier. The President asked the Secretary why we had so many different types of planes. The Secretary could easily have answered that we have different planes to perform different functions, and that each must be optimized in its functional design or come out second best in the event of combat. Second best means *dead*.

But the Secretary chose not to answer in this way. He took the President's question as a challenge to produce a multiple-optimized design, and conceived a hybrid that was to operate as well from carriers at sea as from land bases; that was to be an all-weather aircraft; that was to serve as interceptor, air superiority fighter, reconnaissance and attack bomber and strategic bomber. Thus all the design criteria had to be compromises.

Half of its function was wiped out completely when the Navy found it impossible to use the craft on carriers. The air superiority and interceptor functions have been tacitly scrapped, as has the close support function. The stretched-out strategic bomber version has never been built. As a tactical reconnaissance and attack bomber it is the best we have, but as of the present time the plane is grounded.

Thus as a result of decision-making by the wrong personnel and application of the wrong disciplines, the American people have no air superiority fighter in either the Air Force or the Navy

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which was not in the inventory when the TFX was first conceived. We are ten years behind. We have paid many billions of dollars for this error and we may yet pay in blood. Until the F-14 and F-15 are deployed we have nothing in the air to face the latest MiG. Yet the decisions which led to this fiasco were made on the basis of rigorous application of systems-analysis and cost-effectiveness criteria. These disciplines are applicable within and between engineering systems, but provide neither a substitute nor a methodology for strategic thought.

IT IS THE CENTRAL THESIS of this book that the direction and allocation of our technological R&D effort must be made in the context of strategic estimates of the competitive situation, with due attention to lead time and probable future capabilities. The authors present this thesis with authority and good sense.

Thus they are arguing for the creation of a new breed of military professional. The *technological strategist* must be trained in scientific and engineering disciplines in order to make and understand estimates of future technological capability; he must be well versed and acclimated in military strategy and operations because his technological decisions are fundamentally made *against* an opponent, not *within* a technical discipline; he must have the knowledge to operate with the intelligence community; and he must be no stranger to foreign-policy analysis and diplomacy.

Despite the wide-ranging background required of such individuals, they must primarily be strategists.

A new type of strategic decision-making process might lead to a new organization within the defense establishment. The authors suggest an organizational structure, which they hope will not cause additional delay by adding new levels of decision makers. I am pessimistic as to the probable success of this feature. In the natural course of bureaucratic growth the Joint Chiefs, the Director of Defense Research and Engineering, and the National Security Council itself will all create their own technological strategic groups. Our best real hope is that these agencies will actually *do it*, instead of continuing to base our national technological development, and hence our national survival, on political expediency and the advice of part-time schoolteachers. □

FICTION

Sturgeon Is Alive and Well . . .
By Theodore Sturgeon
Putnam, 221 pp., $4.95

HEAVEN, HELL AND HIPPOGRIFFS

POUL ANDERSON

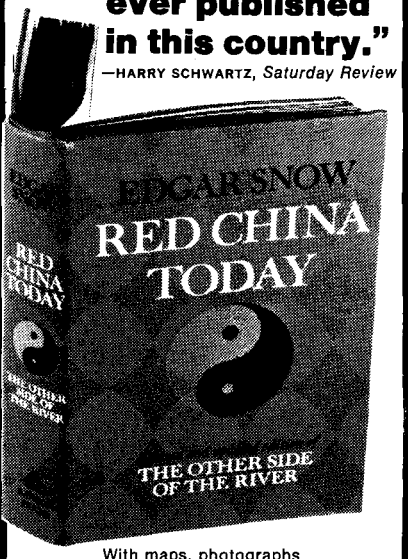
There is a Norn who comes among us two or three times a generation, stands a while over a cradle, and cuts a rune which says this child shall be a writer. The rest have to make do with talent, skill or luck.

Those who are chosen are as mixed a lot as their dooms. They are never wholly in the shadow while alive or wholly forgotten after death. But some, like Shakespeare or Mark Twain, see their own fame, which is not to lessen. Others, like Melville, may become fashionable only posthumously, or, like Kipling, unfashionable at that time. Still others simply endure, to brighten lifetime after lifetime of those with eyes to read and blood to be stirred.

I suspect Theodore Sturgeon is among these last. It is too early to be certain. Rejoice, he is still comparatively young—rather, ageless as Ariel. So he may yet produce a record-breaking series of fortune-making books. The chances are, however, that the literary bellwethers will continue to lead their flocks to the usual concerns of wethers. If so, Sturgeon suffers a loss to his purse. The world's loss is far more serious; but you need not share it.

ONE OF HIS HANDICAPS in getting read is that he has been tagged a writer of science fiction. All right, you don't like science fiction, you aren't a snob but it doesn't turn you on and you're tired of hearing would-be proselytizers mention *Brave New World*, *1984* or even *The Long Journey*. In that case, open this collection of stories to, oh, "Take Care of Joey." It's a perfectly here-and-now tale of perfectly here-and-now people, superficially about crime and revenge, actually about charity. It's also like a high-voltage line; grab hold and you can't let go till the current's turned off and you won't be the same afterward. Next, for something which runs quieter and very deep indeed, you might try "It's You!" Along about then

A totally revised edition—brought up to date through 1970—of "the most informative book on Communist China ever published in this country."
—HARRY SCHWARTZ, *Saturday Review*



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UNA VOLTE, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have--people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Back to beginnings for Samuel Eliot Morison in *The European Discovery of America* (Oxford, $15). . . . James Michener probes *Kent State* in depth (Random House, $10). . . . John Evangelist Walsh explores *The Hidden Life of Emily Dickinson* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). . . . Margaret Mead and James Baldwin indulge in *A Rap on Race* (Lippincott, $6.95).

The Life and Times of Horatio Hornblower is a full-scale biography by C. Northcote Parkinson (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . Peter Quennell's *Casanova in London* is a collection of essays on such writers as Waugh, Wilde, George Sand, Hugo and Housman (Stein and Day, $6.95). . . . *J. M. Synge and His World* is a critical biography by Robin Skelton (Viking, $7.95).

■ FALL PAPERBACKS. Fiction continues to dominate the lists of the mass-market publishers. Among four (Bantam, Ballantine, Pocket Books, Paperback Library) of the Big Nine, radical books and nut books run strongest in nonfiction, with Jewish books a healthy third. Kook titles include Bantam's *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* by John M. Allegro, *Yoga, Youth and Reincarnation* by Jess Stearn, *Linda Goodman's Sun Signs, A Complete Guide to Tarot* by Eden Gray and *Your Luck January-June* by John Naylor.

Middle American drugstores will be treated to a rich choice of radical tracts. Among them: *The Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary* by Philip Berrigan (Ballantine), *Jail Notes* by Timothy Leary and *Famous Long Ago* by Raymond Mungo (both Pocket Books), *The Greening of America* by Charles A. Reich, and *Total Loss Farm*, again by Raymond Mungo (both Bantam), and a bonanza from Paperback Library including *The Gay Crusaders* by Katherine Lahusen and John Paul Hudson, *Out of Their League* by Dave Meggyesy, *The Rolling Stone Interviews* and *Defiance 3: A Radical Review*. But lest you think paperback houses are one-sided, someone at Bantam took a deep breath and signed up Tom Wolfe's *Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers*.

On the ethnic front, black is out but Jewish is still in, especially at Bantam, where they have four Leon Uris novels, Hugh Schonfeld's *The Passover Plot*, William Stevenson's *Zanek! A Chronicle of the Israeli Air Force*, Louis Snyder's *Hitler and Nazism* and—still there?—*A Pictorial History of the Third Reich*. Pocket Books has *Babi Yar* by Anatoly Kuznetsov and *Kike* (Ethnic Prejudice in America Series). Ballantine offers *Warsaw Rising* by someone identified merely as Doctor Deschner.

Oh yes, there are even two conservative titles, both coming in November from Pocket Books: *The Conscience of a Majority* by Barry Goldwater and *Quotations from Chairman Bill: The Best of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* compiled by David Franke.

you should begin to accept the author's occasionally employed science fiction or fantasy techniques for what they are: techniques, useful for exploring certain aspects of human reality but in no way distortions of the reality itself.

LEST THE FOREGOING and what follows look offputtingly solemn, let me point out that the Norn's chosen have the gift of supreme readability, which often turns into sheer fun. For example, "It Was Nothing—Really!" is so full of laughs that you may not notice till afterward just how deftly every organization dedicated to government of, by and for the pompous has been shafted. "To Here and the Easel" is, besides much else, a Chinese New Year of exploding puns. ("One heart: ventricle, sinister; auricle, Delphic.") The grimmest of these stories remain stories, which means they keep moving. And the subject of them all is the most fascinating, because most important, in this world.

That subject, which has engaged Sturgeon for a good many and many good years, is love. Communication, in turn, preoccupies him because it is the *sine qua non* of love. That's a worn-down truism? Likewise is "breathing is the *sine qua non* of staying alive." So try not breathing for about five minutes.

The failure of communication means the failure of love, and thus of life, as in "Jorry's Gap." But you can be destroyed by messages too clearly received, like "The Girl Who Knew What They Meant," when the word is that there is no love. And love itself can be, should be, turned on to everything which rightfully is.

Sturgeon aims his most conspicuously at two objects, the English language and woman. Of the former, he once wrote to Judith Merril, "Joseph Conrad thought so well of it that he adopted it completely. When using it, never forget that godlike compliment."—which says all that need be said about the subject, and considerable about Sturgeon. Let me mention "Easel" again; it's a honeymoon. And as for the latter, woman, while she can be found in anyone from the wistful Bohemian of "Brownshoes" to the indomitable old maid of "Crate," I particularly call your attention to "Slow Sculpture," a story which looks like the opening chapter of a novel. I hope it is, because that book would rank up there with *Kristin Lavransdatter*.

But of course, as Rupert Brooke observed, what the true lover loves is the whole world. Sturgeon does not fail us in any of its aspects, from the glory of a landscape, through the long relationship between a man and a bonsai, to unabashed delight in engineering ingenuity. The last story in this collection is entitled "Suicide" and becomes a hymn, sung through jaws set hard against pain, to life.

Sure, one can raise quibbles about Sturgeon, his touches of doctrinaire liberalism (though never, never collectivism), his ungrammatical treatment of "thou," his sometimes overly neat plots, nits like that. So what? It's as easy to pick them off Rembrandt and Beethoven, easier off Shakespeare, and none of these are lessened thereby, nor is Sturgeon. He is reliably a joy. □

Off Course: From Truman to Nixon
By Rexford G. Tugwell
Praeger, 326 pp., $7.95

MUSEUM CASE OF THE NEW DEAL

GEORGE F. WILL

This is a love story. Rexford Tugwell loves FDR and all his deeds, save one. "Love," according to the real *Love Story*, "means never having to say you're sorry." The only thing Rexford Tugwell is sorry about is that FDR did not live to serve six terms.

The author's purpose is "to ask what Roosevelt would have done" had he been President through the postwar era. According to Tugwell, Roosevelt would have imposed a "resettlement effort" to make the cities "livable." He would have attempted a "revival, in principle, of NRA." And he would not have been beastly to the Russians. This last is all-important to Tugwell because he believes the bad "manners" of American leaders caused the cold war.

Incredibly enough, Tugwell hangs this hypothesis on the assumption that Stalin was a peaceful man, which as-

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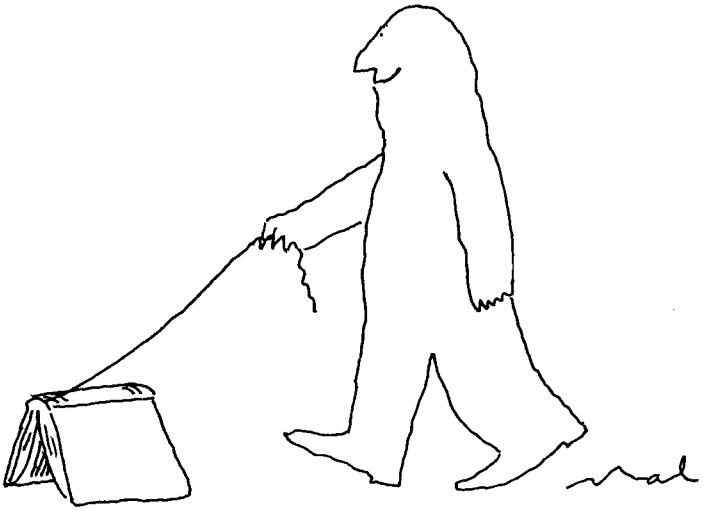
sumption in turn hangs on Harriman's report of Stalin's reaction to Roosevelt's death:

> He went on to recall Stalin's emotion on hearing the news of Roosevelt's death. Holding the Ambassador's hand he had spoken of him as "a great leader for peace." Who now associates Stalin with words of that kind? Roosevelt, the word suggests, might well have kept the Russians to different courses.

This passage is a fair example of Tugwell's way of expressing confused ideas in a prose style suited to that purpose. This is an astonishingly careless book. Imprecise language, contradictory conclusions and unsubstantiated accusations abound. These are strung like so



many beads on the thread of the author's unrelieved contempt for the nation's leaders since 1945.

From 1933 to 1937 Tugwell was a member of FDR's "Brain Trust," the original but, alas, not the last Washington professoriate. Today he is a Senior Fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. The Center is a think-tank where faintly variant liberalisms decorously contend. It calls to mind the concert held in Indianapolis featuring two hundred pianos. Life at the Center has not honed Tugwell's powers of analysis. Evidence of intellectual laxity is everywhere in Tugwell's meandering argument:

Item: On page 202 Tugwell reports that East Germany is Communist because we were rude to Stalin in 1945: "If Stalin had been given in to about Poland in 1945 he might not have felt it necessary to advance as far as East Germany." On page 203, East Germany, and most other things, are blamed on NATO: "It had given them [the Russians] reason for building a vast new army and navy, for holding Eastern Europe in fief, for establishing a Communist regime in East Germany, for penetrating the Mediterranean and making subjects of the Arabs, for putting North Korea and North Vietnam in their debt, and for holding on to, and possibly expanding, their Asiatic empire with inscrutable determination."

Item: Churchill is a villain. "With Truman approving, he invented the metaphor of the Iron Curtain, and together they welded its parts and extended them around Greece and Turkey, again shutting the Dardenelles to the Russians." That is on page 188. Later Tugwell forgets that he has blamed Truman and Churchill for the real, as well as the metaphorical Iron Curtain. On page 298 he announces that the welded curtain is and always has been a "fiction."

Item: Tugwell is a master of the antiseptic euphemism. He refers to "the after-war bickering over a new government for Poland." Between Byrnes and Molotov, he sympathizes with the latter's insistence on "Russia's special relationship with the small nations of Eastern Europe." And he sympathizes with the Soviet imposition of Communism on Poland because Poland was "the staging base for German armies." This is a curious apportionment of pain: Poland must suffer because the Nazis passed through it en route to Russia. Tugwell does not dwell on the fact that the Russians and the Nazis were allies and accomplices when Poland was occupied.

Item: On page 170 Eisenhower is damned because he allowed Dulles "to dominate the formulation of foreign policy." On page 231 Eisenhower is praised because he "never let Dulles go too far."

Item: On page 302 we learn that had FDR lived, he would have been reelected in 1948 and 1952, "and perhaps Kennedy, succeeding in 1956, would have been ready for responsibility." But back on page 171 Tugwell told us why Kennedy even in 1960 still lacked "an adequate grasp of domestic problems or foreign affairs."

On and on they flow, an inexhaustible stream of misused words and misplaced certitude. At the end of the war "Russian interests coincided precisely with those of the United States." America has "absent-mindedly" become urban. All nuclear weapons are "genocidal." Russia's first ICBM stimulated in the United States "a renewed xenophobia. Everything was sacrificed to keep superiority." "Xenophobia"? "Everything"?

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING to Tugwell is that the only significant mistake FDR ever made was taking Truman on the ticket in place of Henry Wallace in 1944. He describes Truman's succession as "a national disaster." But in a dozen European nations, from Stettin on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic, the people, were they free to speak, would tell Tugwell that *their* national disaster was that Truman came too late.

Tugwell expends most of his malice on Truman and, by the time he comes to Eisenhower, the steam has left the sermon. He denounces Eisenhower for "drifting," lapses into prudent agnosticism on Kennedy, and spanks Johnson for not being candid about Vietnam.

This last is odd because LBJ was most like his hero, FDR, when he was dissembling about his war plans. This was Johnson campaigning in Akron, October 21, 1964: "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves." This was The Chief campaigning in Boston, October 30, 1940: "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

The book ends with thirty pages on Nixon. Half rehash 1968 politics, and the remainder suggest that Henry Kissinger will seduce Nixon into a "return to Rooseveltian wisdom."

Readers of this book will get the authentic flavor of New Deal thinking. Tugwell has kept the faith. He is curator of all the ideological shards, and his book is the museum case they deserve. □

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MOVIES

WATERLOO RE-ENACTED

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

War may be Hell, but, with skilled direction, it is also good cinema. For those whose tastes run to what Byron termed "battle's magnificently stern array," but have had to settle lately for costly khaki pap like *Tora, Tora, Tora*, Dino De Laurentiis' *Waterloo* (distributed in the United States by Paramount) will come as a breath of fresh gunpowder. For a dramatic vehicle, it is also a creditable piece of history, giving the viewer a fairly sound grasp of the battle and the characters. But *Waterloo* is more than the story of Napoleon's last pitched battle. It is a treatment of the Hundred Days, the little Corsican's last fling on the stage of Europe, which reached its bloody climax in the rainy Belgian countryside on June 18, 1815.

For practical reasons, the battle was re-enacted in the Ukraine with twenty thousand Russian troops participating under the direction of the Soviet film artist, Sergei Bondarchuk, who won an Academy Award for his recent marathon version of *War and Peace*. The original battlefield was painstakingly duplicated and the troops were drilled in the nineteenth-century manual of arms. Never has the camera better recorded both the poetry and the horror of formalized, Old World warfare. At times, using slow motion, Bondarchuk captures an almost balletic quality, especially in the memorable charge of the Scots Greys, perhaps the best handling of a cavalry charge ever rendered on the screen.

Rod Steiger, as a prematurely aged Napoleon, is unexpectedly good, once one becomes accustomed to his voice, which smacks more of Brooklyn than Corsica. Steiger has studied his character and worked out a plausible interpretation, even taking the Imperial hemorrhoids into account in playing the ailing Emperor. Physically, he is a larger, cruder figure than Napoleon, who grew bloated but never especially coarse-featured in his middle years.

Christopher Plummer, as the Duke of Wellington, plays the outwardly calm, cold English commander as the enigmatic thoroughbred he was, though with just a little too much flippancy. An impressive band of British character actors, including Jack Hawkins, Terrence Alexander, Rupert Davies and Michael Wilding, handle supporting roles as the Iron Duke's lieutenants with perception and éclat, as one would expect.

Particular credit is due Sergei Zakhariadze, a fine old Georgian (USSR Georgian, that is) actor who plays the Prussian commander, Blücher, the man whose loyalty to his British allies turned the tide against the French at Waterloo. Zakhariadze looks and acts the part of the bluff old cavalryman, and leads his dark cloud of *Landwehr* and Prussian regulars into battle with a very convincing Blücheresque harangue. Some Germanophiles may be slightly distressed at their man being played by a Russian, but they will have a hard time faulting Zakhariadze's performance. Marshal Ney, a brave blockhead in life, is played to perfection by Dan O'Herlihy, who bears a striking resemblance to the red-haired, impetuous Frenchman, and emulates his headless fury in battle.

For those who care, a pleasantly authentic note is added by the use of genuine Napoleonic military marches, correctly arranged, to supplement the fairly restrained general background music, and the extras playing the Emperor's Old Guard Grenadiers look every inch the grizzled, mustachioed "grumblers" they are supposed to represent.

Special praise is due to Orson Welles, whose sensitive portrayal of fat, fatalistic Louis XVIII is as impressive as it is brief. Again, an actor was found who was capable of both resembling *and* playing a historic character.

THOUGH IT COVERS the action-filled Hundred Days, *Waterloo* only runs for 132 minutes. The film never drags, and should appeal to a wide audience at this reasonable length, though this reviewer would almost give a leg to see some of the cut scenes. Speaking of legs, the oft-told episode of Lord Uxbridge turning to Wellington after a particularly brisk bit of shelling to remark that he believed he'd lost his leg (Wellington's response: "By God, sir, so you have!") is included in the picture, along with many other familiar quotes and attributions. Their insertion in the script is occasionally a bit labored, but never their delivery.

A brilliant recreation of the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels on the eve of the campaign, and an eerie view of Waterloo after the fight, strewn with

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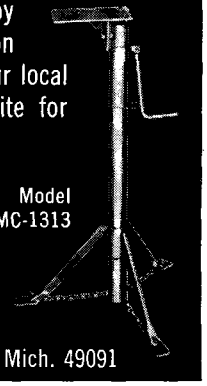

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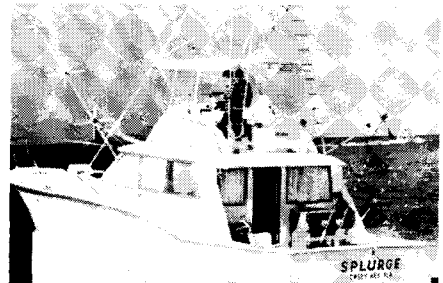

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dead and wounded, while scavenging peasants and camp followers slither from corpse to corpse, looting in the dark, both add contrast and dimension to the straight battle footage.

A small criticism: After all the sound and fury, Bondarchuk tries to leave the impression that the battle wasn't really worth it. In fact, grim though it was, it heralded an age of comparative peace and progress for the Western world—an epoch that survived, admittedly scarred, until the opening guns of World War I, a century later. But, after all, we are discussing a spectacle, not a documentary. As such, it is probably one of the best of its genre. Reportedly, it may also be one of the last, unless it turns a sound profit on its production costs, which are estimated at a mammoth $25 million.

Waterloo is a rousing, occasionally moving film for everyone from grandparents to grandchildren, even including the family pacifist (who can be told that the whole thing is a protest flick showing war in all its horrors). If you appreciate good photography and good direction, see this one. It is what film—as opposed to the stage, or the hallucinogenic fancies of some of Hollywood's recent recruits—is all about. □

THEATER

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED

DANIEL OLIVER

Western drama has its origins, or at least the roots of its revival after the Dark Ages, in the liturgical activities of the Church. A play, therefore, written by a priest, on a great and controversial issue of the day and performed in the sanctuary of a church, might reasonably be expected to be good theater, good propaganda, or both. Or at least a good statement of the author's belief. It was with that expectation that I went to see *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* by Father Daniel Berrigan and my disappointment was great. Not, to be sure, that I had expected to come away convinced or even in doubt, being as I am both familiar with and disapproving of the activities and writings of the Berrigans. But I had not expected a dull evening—and I just do not understand, charitably, how Clive Barnes, the *New York Times*' drama critic, could write: "Like so many courtroom dramas, it makes a positively riveting play."

The action and the statement are confused even as I have suspected the author is. The single scene is the court in which Father Daniel Berrigan, his brother Philip and seven others were tried, and convicted, of burning 378 Selective Service draft files on May 17, 1968 in Catonsville, Maryland. I do not know to what extent the dialogue and action are faithful to the proceedings in court; I did not read the transcript of the trial nor do I think it important. The play stands as Father Berrigan's Statement, even if it is his Restatement.

During the proceedings the defendants relate the happenings in their lives which took them to Catonsville, which happenings are primarily the "sins" of the U. S. Government. The judge, repeatedly addressing himself to the defense, repeatedly admonishes, as if a litany, "We are not here to try the U.S. Government's actions in . . ." South America or wherever. He does not see the relevance of the statements to the action, and tires of the endless recitations. I agree on both points. After our patience is worn thin the "narrative" arrives at the present tense and Berrigan's essential thesis, which concerns the conjunction of law and morality. The topic is not new; reams have been written on it. And Berrigan misses or omits a singularly important point.

After the trial one of the nine tells the judge that in his charge to the jury he obscured the real issue which the group had sought to dramatize. But if drama was their goal, why didn't they stick to the theater? Did they sense that their politics would not make good dramatics? Having chosen to break real laws in the real world, what would it profit them to be let off and have their predicament deprived of its drama? The anarchy they desire would rob them of their moral fulcrum; would give them their freedom but make it useless. Only, apparently, by their punishment can they hope to dramatize their "crime." And there's some question about that.

The judge tells one of the defendants that it is the first case in his court in which the issue of conscience has been raised as a defense. The audience laughs. The judge tells the defendants that in another country they would long since have been in their coffins.

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The audience is quiet: They're learning. The judge tells Daniel Berrigan that he has no understanding of the function of a court of law. Father Berrigan replies: "I'm sure that's true, your honor." It's the climax of the evening and pure pathos. Genuine, non-theatrical, real-world pathos. The priest, steeped in two millennia of Christian tradition, would sweep away seven hundred years of Anglo-American judicial tradition and (we assume because he includes the statement in the play) be proud of it. And complete with his admitted lack of understanding of the function of a court of law he presumes to preach on reform.

The issue in the play is not the limits of dissent in a free society, however much this may have been at issue at

the actual burning of the draft files. The issue the play focuses on is whether or not a court of law should decide the morality of the Vietnam war. If, as Berrigan wishes, courts were to decide the moral question, what makes him so sure the decision would be to his liking? Certainly not the attitude of his trial court. Nor the attitude of the country as expressed in the last three Presidential elections. Nor is it likely that the highest court in the land would rule in his favor. And suppose the moral question were decided, against him at his own urging? Where could he turn then, his immorality having been duly adjudicated?

In *A Man for All Seasons*, Roper, a young lawyer, tells Sir Thomas More that to catch the Devil he would cut down every law in England. To which More replies: "And when the last law was down, and the Devil turned round on you—where would you hide . . .?" If a Nixon, Agnew or, *horribile dictu*, a ghost of Joe McCarthy were to turn on the Berrigans for their beliefs, where could they hide? Only behind that firmest pillar of good government, the true administration of justice. If it's still standing. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HO, *by David Halberstam (Random House, 118 pp., $4.95).* In conversation not long ago, a liberal young lady told me, "but I don't *try* to be consistent—I judge each situation as it comes along." To see the same rule applied by a professional writer, *New York Times* alumnus, Pulitzer Prize winner and lately an editor of *Harper's* is to understand why so many young people have such trouble coping with reality. In this sophomoric essay, Halberstam describes Ho Chi Minh as the "Vietnamese Everyman . . . pure, uncorrupted in a corrupting world, a man of the land and its simple virtues," an empiricist preferring action to thought and debate. Without a blush, Halberstam frankly admits that Ho sold out comrades whenever expedient and once stated "all those who do not follow the line which I have laid down will be broken." Curiously, Halberstam recognizes what some of us have said for years, namely that ". . . the decision to start the war was made in Hanoi, and that the pace, strategy and orchestration was [sic] largely set in the North." Of course, he fails to credit any South Vietnamese with a desire for freedom, lumping them all as opportunists or lackeys of the colonial oppressors. He dismisses Diem's assassination in one sentence, omitting any mention of Kennedy's complicity. One point of Halberstam's rarely admitted on the Left, though often implied, is that ". . . the military is useless unless it is totally political, and . . . political skill is useless unless there is comparable military force." And he raises the valid question of how much injustice merits the introduction of violence. But without attempting any reasoned analysis, Halberstam contributes to the sympathy many American young people have for Ho, but not to their understanding of him. D. B. DUVAL

THE IMPERIAL AGE OF VENICE 1380-1580, *by D. S. Chambers (Harcourt, 216 pp., $6.95).* If most of us prefer to remember Venice as the eighteenth-century city of Casanova and picture her through the eyes of period artists like Canaletto and Guardi, we are still beholden to the traders, artists and artisans of earlier centuries who made the shimmering twilight era possible. Though the Venetian Republic survived until the French Revolution, its period of greatest thrust and vitality occurred between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, described in this latest volume of Harcourt's "History of European Civilization Library." *The Imperial Age of Venice* is quite up to the standards of this admirable series. Although a small volume, it is beautifully and profusely illustrated with color and black-and-white plates, and very nicely bound. Followers of the current state of the American printing industry will not be surprised to learn that it was manufactured in England. Dr. Chambers takes the reader on a learned tour of Venice's golden age, considering the various influences—Asian, Byzantine and Western—that combined to form the city-state's distinctive economy, political system and culture. The Chambers style is fluent though scholarly, and most phases of Venetian life are touched on.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

LOVE AND LIBERATION, *by Lisa Hobbs (McGraw Hill, 159 pp., $5.95).* Miss Hobbs is a militant feminist awash in a sea of leftist clichés. But unlike her crazier sisters who have lately been polluting the marketplace with crackbrained books, she is also a first-rate writer, and like all good women writers (and I suppose saying this makes me a sexist) she possesses a strong streak of commonsense and a sharp social eye. She does a beautiful job of debunking psychiatry, for instance, and she reminds us of how silly Freud was, with his asinine notion of "penis envy." Her opinion of sexologist charlatans such as Kinsey and Masters and Johnson is succinctly stated—"What a crock!"—and she is outraged at the air of cheap sexuality which smothers our society. Contemporary woman, she points out, is degraded by the image of herself as it appears "in the swollen breasts of the Playboy bunny, or more so in her little erect tail . . . in the beauty contests where like cows in the stockyard the contestants offer their buttocks and breasts for male evaluation." She is militant, but not unreasonable. She concedes, for instance, unlike Friedan, that many women *can* find fulfillment as homemakers, and she calls those feminists such as Anne Koedt who advocate lesbianism "grossly pathological." And unlike Millett, she doesn't hate men. She feels *sorry* for us, damn it, and those of us who live the commuting life may feel a bit uncomfortable with her description of modern man, a creature conditioned for centuries to hunt and fight, now a "poor eviscerated bull" who spends his days "shuffling paper." As a political thinker, Miss Hobbs is third-rate, but as a social critic and observer, she is very good indeed.

J. R. COYNE JR.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WORLD, *by Amry Vandenbosch (University of Kentucky Press, 303 pp., $8.50).* This survey of the foreign relations of South Africa is engrossing up to the UN era. The study of Jan Smuts, covering his large role in World War I and the League of Nations, as well as his battles with Louis Botha and General Hertzog, is detailed and good. Mr. Vandenbosch's solemn and equally detailed consideration of the UN mouthings in relation to South Africa is, however, boring and pointless, since he is perforce examining a travesty of international relations. E. B. MEYER

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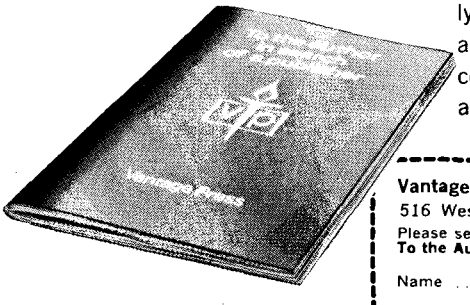

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HOLLAND

(Continued from page 475)

schools as a sound neighborhood base for the educational system, it is possible that a strong public school system—based on something like a flexible track system—can yet be preserved.

Whatever the conclusion of the Richmond story, one great lesson is already clear: Free will, whether sanctioned by government or not, is the prevailing force in human relations, and the wisest governmental policy is always that which seeks to maximize freedom of choice for all citizens, white and Negro, a policy that recognizes cultural and racial pluralism.

Government can strengthen the ability of individuals to move voluntarily from one community to another. But it should not, as it is attempting to do in Richmond, try to rearrange the entire structure of society to placate ivory-tower theorists. □

MAGISTRO

(Continued from page 478)

Man is a psychosomatic organism of enormous complexity. As such, he can die, not only many times, but in many ways. If this is so, if man is to be recognized as the *many-splendored thing* he is, then reform of the abortion statutes is not inconsistent with the principles upon which the present restrictive legislation is based. An abortion is justified when, *in one way or another*, the life of a mother—her existence as a human being—is threatened.

The question is: Is reform desirable? For Father Robert F. Drinan, the answer is no. He argues that to liberalize abortion laws is to give the state "the right to decide which unhealthy or inconvenient unborn persons may be extinguished before birth." He concludes:

> the question is no longer the possibility of a total prohibition of abortion but rather the question of weighing the long-range evil effects of permitting the government to establish standards as to who will live and who will die rather than simply having the government withdraw from the area of protecting the first twelve to twenty weeks of non-viable fetal life.

Now, Father Drinan's point is moot. His fear would be justified if the state *required* an abortion for any reason. A law that *permits* abortion for certain reasons is not the same thing as a law that requires abortion for certain reasons. One is not obligated to invoke

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one's rights. Thus, the right to terminate a pregnancy does not entail the obligation to do so.

Even so, Father Drinan has a legitimate fear. Government may very well determine, in the not-too-distant future, who will live and who will die; it may determine, moreover, the number of children a couple can have and, aided by genetics, the "kind" of child that can be had. Father Drinan errs, however, in assuming that this state of affairs will be brought about through the liberalization of abortion laws.

What could bring about this state of affairs? Two things: the abolition of all laws pertaining to abortion and the establishment of a national health-care program. The convergence of these two thrusts will, in all probability, be the basis of the state's power over life and death.

To institutionalize medicine is to make the doctor an agent of the state; and to make the doctor an agent of the state is to make him an instrument of political power. This is already the case in the Soviet Union. The practice of the doctor-bureaucrat is made to serve the political, social and economic goals of the government. Many questions, therefore, suggest themselves to the social observer: Will prospective mothers be advised of their "right" to an abortion as welfare "clients" are advised of their "right" to contraceptive devices? Will the first allegiance of the doctor be to the state (for whom he works) or to the patient (whom he treats)? Will institutional doctors be free *not* to perform certain operations (e.g., abortions)? Also: Will the power of the state be used to limit legally the size of families? Will the state have any effective limitations on its powers to used "genetic engineering" to "breed" people? Will there be any meaningful way to prevent the state from using abortion and euthanasia as a means of population control? Practically speaking, a nation without an ethos, a nation that refuses to objectify in law its commitment to the sacredness of life, a nation that has exchanged traditions for illusions, noble hopes for base pleasures, creative freedom for foolproof security, has regressed a long way into the darkness out of which civilization emerged. The question is: Is this regression inevitable or unalterable or irreversible?

The answer is yes, if, and only if, those committed to the sanctity of all life refuse to translate their commitment into action. Opponents of abor-

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Bill Adler:
Presidential Wit [from Washington to Johnson].

Mr. Wilson told this story of a Scotch dominie who prayed at length, giving the Lord much information, and concluded with: "And, O Lord, there is much more of this matter, as Thou hast doubtless read in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*."

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tion-on-demand must come to see that there is no such thing as "splendid objectivity," that explicit or implicit metaphysical assumptions underlie all values and attitudes, associations and structures, and that the reason a few determined ideologists can effectively undermine the moral commitment of a people is that those who should know better (e.g., religious leaders) are uncertain about their faith or unclear about what it requires. They often invoke a doctrine of "pluralism" to hide the fact that they lack both faith and fortitude. They refuse to fight for laws that are pro-life because to do so, they say would violate the spirit of democracy. To hear them talk one would think that the debate was over ecclesiastical polity or Sunday "blue laws." Admittedly, many associations, including associations of church members, lobby for legislation that has no place in a free society. But laws that express reverence for life, that protect the right to life, constitute the foundation upon which a free and just society rests. Thus, the secondary principle invoked to rationalize one's refusal to fight proceeds from the first principle one refuses to defend. This is the irony and the agony of the position of the "faithful."

Those who are quietistic in the face of "fetal euthanasia," the suspicion arises, would be equally compliant in the face of genocidal extermination. It is difficult to understand how those who profess to believe in the divine origin of life and the unborn person's right to life, as witnesses to the manipulation and destruction of life, refuse to be their brother's keeper. Hitler could not have implemented his "final solution" without the aid of a few demoniacs who, for their own twisted reasons, enthusiastically carried out their assignments. Likewise, the "final solution" could not have been carried out if the majority of people (who, to be sure, did not overtly contribute to it) had been willing to "impose by law their moral views on other members of society." All too many of us persist in the illusion that we are responsible only for what we do ourselves. We must come to see that we are also responsible for what we permit to be done; and we must come to see that civilization has no greater enemy than the man who remains silent before the barbarians within the gates.

What can be done about this state of affairs? It seems to me that an effort must be made to blunt the paganizing influences in our society. □

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A									✓	✓	✓	✓		
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C			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
D	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
E			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Young Ifshin Objects

On The Right

New York, April 20—A few weeks ago I wrote about the president of the National Student Association, young David Ifshin, and his activities in behalf of the enemy in Hanoi. Little Lord Haw Haw has now objected to what I said, and you will not believe the sanction he threatens against me. He proposes to lead a movement to persuade the senate of the University of Syracuse to withdraw the honorary degree conferred upon me two years ago. Here is the reasoning of young Ifshin. I charged in my column that he is ignorant. But in fact he got very high grades at Syracuse. Therefore I have defamed Syracuse. And if I defamed Syracuse, Syracuse has no business honoring me.

"If Buckley is so disgruntled with the academic quality of Syracuse University," the student newspaper writes, "he ought to resign his honorary degree from this institution. Of course, he probably won't, and so that leaves the resolution of the dilemma up to the university community. It is incumbent upon us to safeguard the good name of Syracuse University by affirming that a real degree from SU is more substantial than an honorary degree. The best way to affirm that is to divest the ungrateful Mr. Buckley of his SU diploma, and a number of students intend to propose doing just that in the University Senate."

I HAVE NOT BEEN ADVISED by the senate of Syracuse University of the disposition of the motion that pends against me, and will meanwhile make my way under the Damocletian burden of the suspense. On the other hand, having learned that Mr. Ifshin got high grades at Syracuse, it might be worth the senate's attention to ponder the relation between high grades and what one used to call *recto ratio*, or right thought, it being the purpose of universities not merely to turn out graduates of intellectual dexterity, but also men who are other than barbarians. It would have been better, I think we might all agree, if say Hitler and Stalin had received no education, rather than such education as they did receive.

I repeat two statements uttered by Mr. Ifshin, the president of the National Student Association, over Radio Hanoi, beamed to American fighting men in South Vietnam.

1) "The Thieu-Ky regime is one of the most oppressive regimes in history."

Now, at this point one deduces that young Ifshin majored in astronomy, or structural linguistics, or perhaps home economics. No such luck for Syracuse. I have been informed that he majored in English, over which he has, manifestly, an uneasy grasp; and in religion, which is pretty brinky, if you ask me: Further, My God, From Thee is a much safer place to be if you go around acting chummy with Communist atrocity-nabobs; and in political science. Yes, *political science*. How is it possible to have read a single book on political science—any book: whether by John Stuart Mill or by Karl Marx, or by Herbert Marcuse—and emerge believing that the Thieu regime is "one of the most oppressive regimes in history"?

AND THEN, 2) Ifshin told the troops: "I realize especially after this trip, that the U.S. Government does not go to South Vietnam to fight for democracy, or to defend the rights of the people, but they go there and send us to murder the people of Vietnam in order to make South Vietnam into one large U.S. military base, not to defend the United States but to aggressively threaten other countries. The fear is that if the people of Vietnam are allowed to have their own country, are allowed to determine for themselves their own interests, they will not support the investments of private capital."

That is the kind of thing that would cause sophisticated Communists to titter, in the privacy of their quarters. It is adolescent Marxist Tarzan-talk, and, by God, as an honorary doctor of laws from Syracuse University, I demand that the senate do something about it: either call back Little Lord Haw Haw and explain a few things to him, or else beg him not to bring up, while exhibiting his ignorance, the matter of his having been graduated from Syracuse University. It's too embarrassing to us Syracuse degree-holders. □

THE CRITICS OF RICHARD NIXON

New York, April 24 — Richard Nixon is in for a very very rough time during the next period. He does things to people, causing even very decent folk to behave quite incomprehensibly. Joe McCarthy had the same knack. I used to point out that I never knew anything McCarthy had said that could equal in vileness some of the things that were said about him.

Take, for instance, Mr. Allard Lowenstein. He is a civilized man, of incontinent idealism, who will be remembered as the person who launched the program to retire Lyndon Johnson in 1968 by fielding an opponent in the Democratic primary in New Hampshire. Subsequently, he served a term in the House of Representatives, and now he is back on the road, organizing to beat Mr. Nixon in 1972. He stopped by recently at the John F. Kennedy Center at Harvard, where he delivered a paean on the memory of Robert F. Kennedy. Then he announced his plans, making the remark that "Nixon is making Johnson look retroactively very credible, which is an extraordinary achievement when you think about it."

Now we are all used to the hurly-burly of polemics, but when you stop to think of it, in what significant way has Nixon let the liberals down? Or, more exactly stated, in what significant way has he deceived them? He never said that he would have American troops out of Vietnam within six months or sixteen months of taking office. He said he would wind down the war, and he has done so. He said he would pull out of Cambodia by the end of June, and did; said that American foot soldiers would not fight in Laos, and they haven't. What is Lowenstein so excited about? It is mysterious. It is partly what Nixon does to Lowenstein, and partly what Lowenstein does to

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Lowenstein, because Al Baby is going to be looking pensive and sad about the state of the world before the New Hampshire primary of 1996, when he will announce that the world cannot survive a second term by John-John.

Then there is the columnist and author Garry Wills, who did one not know him, and know that he is capable of making distinctions only Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead could follow, is beginning to sound like a slogan-writer for the John Birch Society.

For instance, there were those (myself included) who commented that Mr. Nixon's recent refusal to give a date when all American troops would be out of Vietnam was a sign of courage, given the clear indication, by the polls, that the overwhelming majority of the American people desire to be given such a date. Wills' comment? "I prefer heroes who are not 'brave' with other men's lives." At an intellectual level, that comment is the equal of "If you don't like our foreign policy, why don't you go live in Russia." Mr. Wills, if he would permit himself to reflect on the matter, would recognize that we are called upon, in our lifetime, to be courageous in different ways. As soldiers, we are asked to show courage on the firing line, and it is reported that, when Mr. Nixon was in the service, he did so. Later in life, courage is needed in many different situations, in facing personal and public crises. Is Mr. Wills saying that it is improper to consider the courage of Julius Caesar, or Alexander the Great, or Napoleon Bonaparte, or Winston Churchill, because more often than not they were engaged not in exposing their own lives to the enemies' weapons, but the lives of the soldiers whom destiny put them in command of?

WILLS THEN TAKES OFFENSE at Billy Graham, who commenting on the fate of Lt. Calley, said: "Perhaps it is a good time for each of us to re-evaluate our life. We have all had our Mylais in one way or another, perhaps not with guns, but we have hurt others with a thoughtless word, an arrogant act or a selfish deed." Observes Wills: "To equate Mylai—multiple coldblooded murder of women and children—with a thoughtless word does not so much diminish Mylai's importance as destroy any claim Graham has to speak seriously about morality."

Really, it requires the Nixonization of the spleen, so to affect a critic's reasoning powers. Graham did not *equate* Mylai with "a thoughtless word," he observed merely that many men are tempted by special circumstances to quite hideous lengths. The objective harm done differs: perhaps it is the killing of helpless children, as at Mylai. Perhaps it is the psychological castration of the human being, as in Albee's *Virginia Woolf*. Sadism, hysteria and thoughtlessness, in different mixes, are generically responsible for Mylai, and for some of the criticisms made of public figures. Garry Wills has written imploring me please to learn to distinguish between Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, and I am writing back today promising to make the effort, in return for which I ask that he learn to distinguish between Nixon and Satan. □

THE NEW CHINA

New York, April 28—To judge from what we are willing to do for China in appreciation of China's willingness to play ping-pong with us, one supposes we'd have canceled the Normandy landings if Hitler had invited us to play a game of badminton. It is quite remarkable, the general elation. It is as though Golda Meir had suddenly eloped with Arafat, and a new state of Israbia had been promulgated. What, we are being asked to think, was all the fuss about all these years?

Easy. We were victimized by The Cold War. The *New York Times*' instant historian Mr. Max Frankel ran a synoptic story called "Changing U.S. Attitude on China," wherein he recounts the difficulties American Presidents have had in making time with China, all because of the hard, unyielding, irrational anti-Communism of the American public. For instance, "In 1962, opposition and caution inside the United States Government frustrated Mr. Kennedy's willingness to have Chester Bowles explore the idea of selling wheat to the needy Chinese." The needy Chinese, a nice heart-tugger. And, "Also that year, the government and most Americans let their preconceptions lead them to accept India's charges of Chinese Communist 'aggression' in the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries, a view that sound scholarship has now challenged."

SUCH A SENTENCE as that tells it all: the operative touch is the quotation marks surrounding the word "aggression." Sound scholarship, notwithstanding the interesting reservations of Mr. Neville Maxwell, shows that the Chinese amassed several divisions and moved into several thousand square miles of territory that was formally India's. Now we are told it wasn't really aggression. Sound scholarship, you will have noticed if you keep an eye on the antics of the new revisionists, is engaged in making the United States the guilty party in the cold war. That kind of thing always happens, in part because historians don't have quite enough to do, so they treat themselves to bizarre historical confections in which the Caligulas turn out to be the heroes, and the Florence Nightingales the villains. There is nothing to be done about the historians, but something should be done to bring back into focus salient factors in the Asian situation. They are:

1) The Communist government of China stands condemned by the United Nations for having waged an aggressive war in Korea. All right, that was twenty years ago. Since then, China's principal wars have been against her own people, and estimates vary widely, but I have not seen one that puts it at less than ten million people slaughtered in the course of giving flesh to the thoughts of Chairman Mao.

2) On the international scene, China has dealt abruptly, erratically and coldly with every major Western power that extended recognition. What it is asked that the United States should do—exchange ambassadors—was offered by England twenty years ago. The Chinese have yet to receive an English ambassador.

3) Meanwhile Red China has devoted herself to developing the weaponry necessary to play ping-pong with hydrogen bombs. The relentless propaganda war continues unabated. If it is possible to find a Chinese under the age of 25 who believes that the United States Government is other than the sadistic agent of drooling American imperialists, that young man is an eccentric. China, under Mao and under Mao's designated successor, is devoted to international carnage as the road to socialism.

4) China has one great fear, and that is Japan. Japan's army is a paper tiger. Today. Tomorrow, Japan could mobilize, and emerge as the only tangible threat to China's overlordship of Asia, and other international ambitions. It is clearly the design of China to exert the maximum influence on Japanese politics in order to continue to imprison Japan under the terms of the postwar treaty that denies Japan the right to develop a nuclear potential. It is the further assumption of the Chinese that the best way to do this is to coo a little in our direction—not officially, but through sports, which is, for the Communists, a paramilitary activity. They have found us very easy targets. The victory over the American team at ping-pong is no doubt a precursor to more important victories. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A type of insurance
13 128 159 80 191 152

B. Obligated to repay a monetary loan
46 92 52 177 82 168 145 107

C. Hackneyed, trite, ineffectively stale
51 2 8 14 125 47 78 87 129 133

D. Security for a loan of money
110 16 59 67 12 81 93 134 158 192

E. The porcupine
115 175 160 86 198 49 43 95

F. Hard cash obtained with little effort
130 50 113 123 144 53 105 96 173

G. Defeats
138 121 55 153 172 163

H. Cities East of Great Falls, Mont., and Northwest of Harrisburg, Penna.
151 162 17 137 142 89 148 1 97

I. Many investors develop heart trouble from watching this instrument
10 21 11 73 83 91

J. Legislation designed to restrain large business combinations
154 22 27 84 88 99 111 127 131 139 164 146 194

K. A lake in British Columbia
180 25 32 64 72 77 170 196 38 41

L. Town in Zambia, near Lake Mweru
181 58 69 179 122 140 149 185

M. Where a golfer must keep his eye
187 74 114 132 3 186 45 60 193

N. This interests philatelists and investors
4 98 156 108 19 61 188 116

O. A type of light bulb
15 20 30 33 40 48 56 70

P. A lake in Westmoreland County, England
28 18 57 65 109 136 166 189 197 34

Q. A military command
35 155 117 39 101 141 6 62

R. A town in Texas, South of Dallas
54 120 171 5 112

S. A county and a river in Minnesota
118 63 75 102 184 7 176 23

T. A department and a river in France
143 106 9 29

U. What a tennis champion's assets would be
165 31 24 190 79 178 66 103

V. Where a teetotaler rides
169 26 36 42 71 76 100 174 183 85

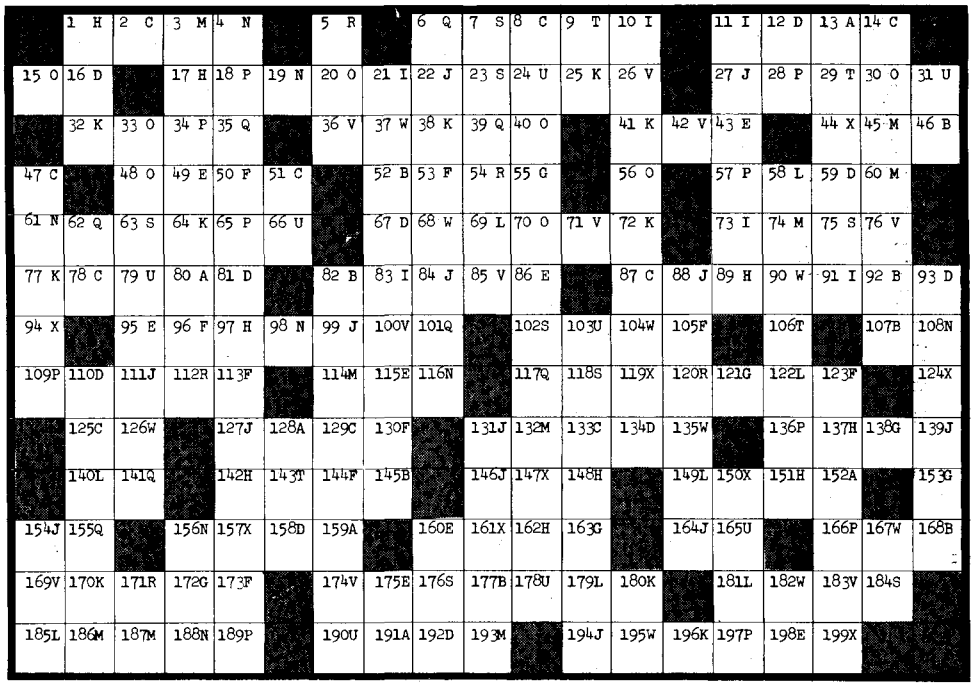
W. Decayed
126 90 195 37 104 68 167 135 182

X. The emperor of Japan, 1912-1926
94 119 44 147 124 157 150 199 161

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 494 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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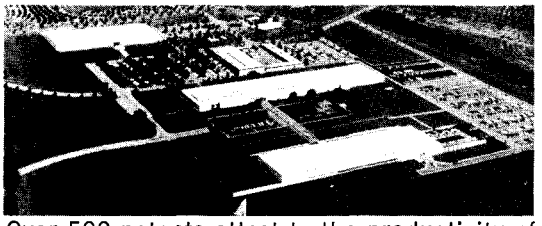

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No matter what time of year you go to Paris, it's always the same. Wonderful. But why wait till you get to Paris to start having fun? Paris is an Olympic City. We fly there every night from New York.

On Olympic Airways the party starts as soon as you step on board. First you'll feast on our mouth-watering food. Delights like Crab Meat Sauce Antoine and Filet Mignon. Perhaps topped off with a sinfully rich Chocolate Mousse. You'll sip ice-cold champagne or maybe sample some *ouzo* and *retsina,* the heady wines of Greece.

Then you'll probably settle back and switch on the bouzouki music.* And that's when the fun begins. It's that bouncing bouzouki that turns every Olympic flight to Paris into a big happy Greek party. Before you know it, you're snapping your fingers and tapping your toes all the way to Paris.

Everyone has a great time in Paris. Olympic gives you a great time on the way. Call your travel agent or Olympic Airways.

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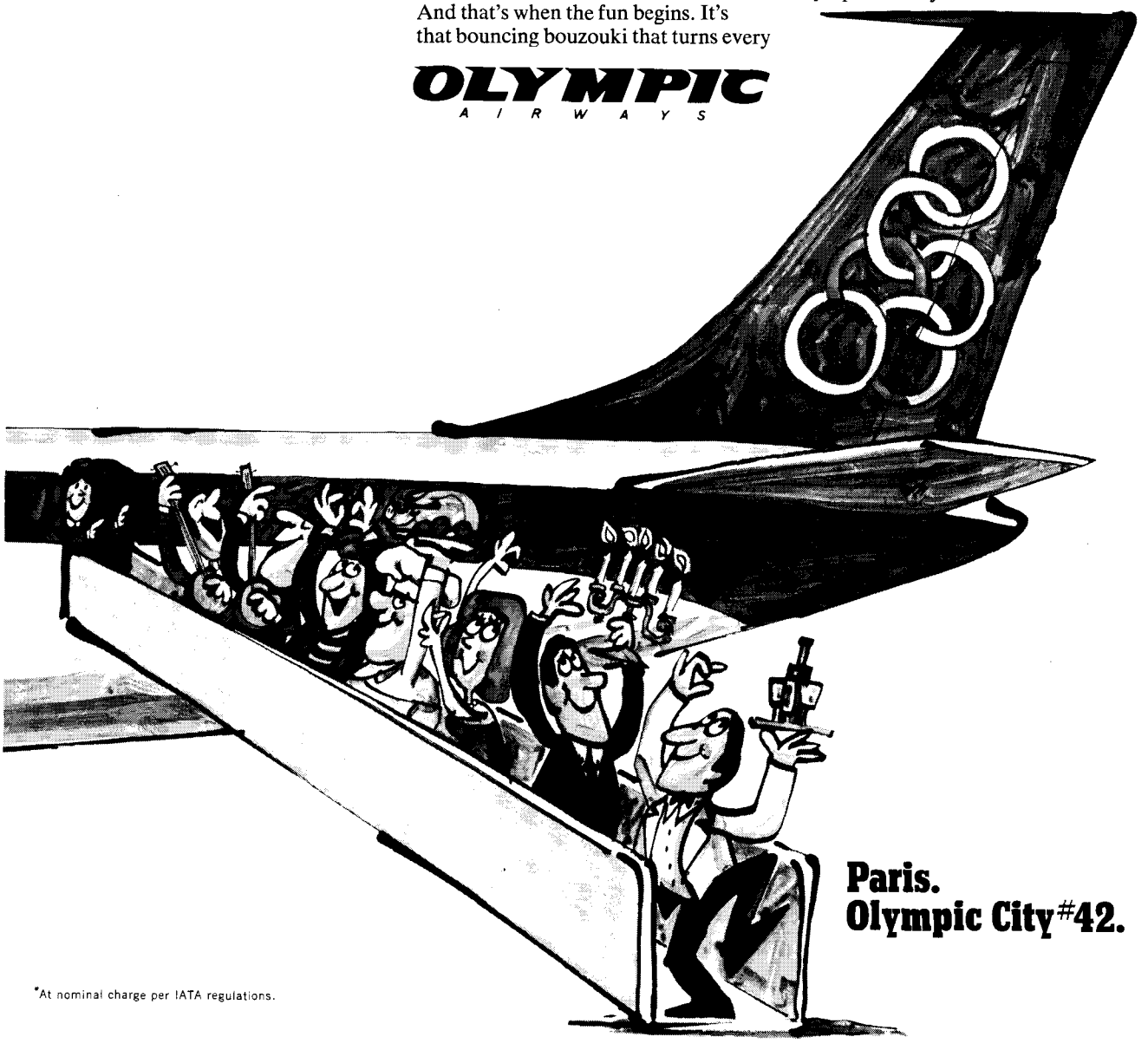

Paris.
Olympic City #42.

*At nominal charge per IATA regulations.

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